JUNE 1924 20 Cents

Labor Age

All Eyes on La Follette

BREAD: Cause of Unrest

A Strike Against Waste

Snapshots of Southern Europe

Vol. XIII, No. 6 June, 1924

20c per copy

Labor Age

A Monthly Labor Digest

$2.00 per year

Published by Labor Publication Society, Inc., Evening Telegram Building, Seventh Ave. and 16th St., New York

Presenting all the facts about American labor—Believing that the goal of the American labor movement lies in industry for service, with workers' control.

CONTENTS

Bread: Cause of Unrest ..... *Preface*
Your Loaf of Bread ..... *Christ. A. Kerker* 1
Why Wheat Growers Go Broke *Benjamin C. Marsh* 4
The Octopus 7
A Strike Against Waste ..... *Ossip Wolinsky* 10
In the Mind of the Employer 13
Unclean (cartoon) ..... *J. F. Anderson* 14
All Eyes on La Follette ..... *Press Digest* 15
The Triumph of the A. C. W. of A. *Charles Ervin* 18
Snapshots of Southern Europe ..... *Prince Hopkins* 20
Labor History in the Making ..... *Louis F. Budenz* 23

Contributors To this Issue

CHARLES ERVIN. Former Editor, *New York Call;* now with Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

CHRIST A. KERKER. General Organizer, International Bakery and Confectionery Workers Union.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH. Managing Director, Farmers National Council.

OSSIP WOLINSKY. Manager, International Pocketbook Workers Union.

BREAD: CAUSE OF UNREST

SOME day, in an unhappy hour, you may damn yourself forever, by deciding to live in Jersey City.

Should such a sad fate be yours, it will not be long until you become acquainted with the police court of that place. It stands on one of many dirty side streets—an old, red brick building. Over its entrance, carved in stone, is the solemn warning: "Honesty is the Best Policy."

Without doubt, those are words of wisdom for men poor in pocketbook as well as spirit. (It is only such for whom police courts have any terror.) But for those who have the knack of climbing to wealth over the backs of the rest of us, this "truth" does not seem to work out the same way at all.

Dishonesty seems to be the best policy for those who control our bread supply. We Americans pride ourselves on being free men. But the fact is that we are so servile, that we must beg the Masters of Bread for the crumbs which they allow us. Nor do they grant us this "privilege," until we have paid them a heavy tribute.

The last year, 1923, was a banner year for the Profit Makers. More surplus money went into their pockets than at any time in the history of this country. The General Baking Company and the United Bakeries Corporation—now full blown trusts —were right on their toes, with the best of them. General reported a profit of 160 per cent—not so bad, the most pessimistic Babbitt will admit. The United was neck-to-neck with its "rival."

We are indebted to Senator Robert M. La Follette —who has fought against Monopoly so strenuously for so many years—and to Basil Manly, of the Peoples Legislative Service, for an expose of the fetid condition underlying these enormous profits. The highwaymen, who control our bread supply, are not only sandbagging the consumer. They are robbing the farmer, and defrauding the bakery workers of their wages.

We workers, as consumers, are paying war time prices for bread. The farmer is going bankrupt over the less-than-cost price that he is compelled to receive for his wheat. The bakery workers are denied organization, and are given less than a living wage in the scab shops that rob the wheat grower and the bread user. Brother Kerker of the Bakery Workers and Mr. Marsh, for the farmers, give a small picture of these big realities in their articles in this issue.

There has been much spluttering and stuttering on the part of Big Business and the reactionary gang now in control of the White House, about the danger of "blocs." Bread is the creator of blocs. It has also been the creator of revolution. It is a long time since the first popular uprising took place, as the result of bread profiteering. All through the history of mankind, the cry of "Bread" has been the danger point for the powers-that-be. The American people have not raised that cry as yet. Perhaps the situation isn't bad enough! Perhaps we still think that if we don't get bread, we can eat cake. At any rate, Mr. Manly says in his able leaflet on The Bread Tribute: "If any government should levy taxes as oppressive as private industry now imposes on the bread of the American people, revolution would be inevitable."

We can't appeal to the Bread Profiteers. They would scarcely listen. But we can, and do, appeal to the farmers and workers to stop this evil crushing both of them.

Entered as second class matter, November 19, 1921, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. *Copyright, 1924.*

Labor Age

Your Loaf of Bread

By CHRIS A. KERKER

Keystone Photos

THE WHEAT

Man's greatest need—and the source of his robbery. Farmer, bread user, bakery worker, are being beaten down and bankrupted by the Bread Trust.

YOU cannot get away from it. Bread is the staff of life. Bread-eating is a habit in which we must all indulge. Man has been doing it almost ever since he began doing anything at all.

Today we eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, as we never did before. The Ward Baking Company calls its product, "Tip Top." That exactly describes the prices which it charges. They are as high as can be charged, without forcing us all to go back to herbs exclusively—and other "fruits of nature." We sweat to earn the money to buy the bread, and sweat again at the amount it takes to purchase one small loaf.

Then after all this exertion, we find that we have been buncoed on the quality. Alas, what fools we consumers prove to be.

Says a large daily paper, in a recent issue: "You have to buy a newspaper to find out that wheat prices have collapsed. You'd never learn of it by buying a loaf of bread." Of course not. The same combine that beats the consumer, also trims the farmer at the other end of the line. Is it any wonder that in 1923 the big baking corporations made net profits of from 100 to 200 percent?

Then, there are the bakery workers. The same big combines, that have waylaid the farmers and

consumers, have tried to crush the makers of bread. The Ward Baking Company is fighting the union in its industry tooth and nail. It is not content with the spoils which it has extracted from the wheat growers and the bread purchasers. It is a year ago that Mr. George S. Ward, at that time its President, also said that the bakery workers organization must be destroyed. The challenge was accepted. The Bakery Workers International Union is continuing the fight begun that long ago. Mr. Ward, the dictator of the old system, has been compelled to sell out to a competitor. In connection with his two sons, he has retired, to go somewhere in the South Sea Islands.

Anti-Farmer, Anti-Public, Anti-Union

The sale was to the United Bakeries Corporation, founded by another Ward. He is the son of the man who began the Ward Baking Company, who was also driven into retirement by his fight years ago against the union. Now, we see big advertisements in the daily papers: "I have come back to take charge of my father's business," or words to that effect. What it all means, in reality, is that the anti-farmer, anti-public, anti-union combine is strengthening itself—to continue its game of fleecing them all.

The United Bakeries Corporation and the General Baking Company are now the two big concerns in the field. They reach out all over the country. Basil Manly, Director of the Peoples Legislative Service has listed 27 companies in 26 different cities owned by the latter concern. The United is even more extensive, owning 37 companies in 37 different cities. Some of these companies have several plants. The Shults Bread Company of New York, owned by the United, has as many as twelve. Union of the General and the United, which is in the air, would mean one of the most gigantic trusts in the history of America.

An investigation has shown that when wages were at the top-notch in this country the cost of production of bread, that is to say in a dollar's worth of bread, was only fourteen cents. There you can readily see why the trust concerns of this country paid up those high dividends in the last year or so. These concerns several years ago—sold stock at $2.00 per block. That same stock that they sold for $2.00 per block, after seven years has risen to the present to be sold at the rate of $608.00 per block. Every dollar invested brought $302.00. What does that show? It shows that bread has been turned into gold.

These concerns have piled profits upon profits. As Mr. Manly says: "During recent months the price of wheat has fallen almost as low as it was in the depressed pre-war year 1913, and yet the people in American cities are paying 50, 75 and even 90 per cent more for bread than they did before the war."

Is it any wonder that the wheat farmer is suffering? He has been deprived of the price he should get for his wheat. At the present price of bread, wheat should be bringing him around $2.00 a bushel. Instead, he is getting less than $1.00 for that amount.

"Plaster of Paris" Bread

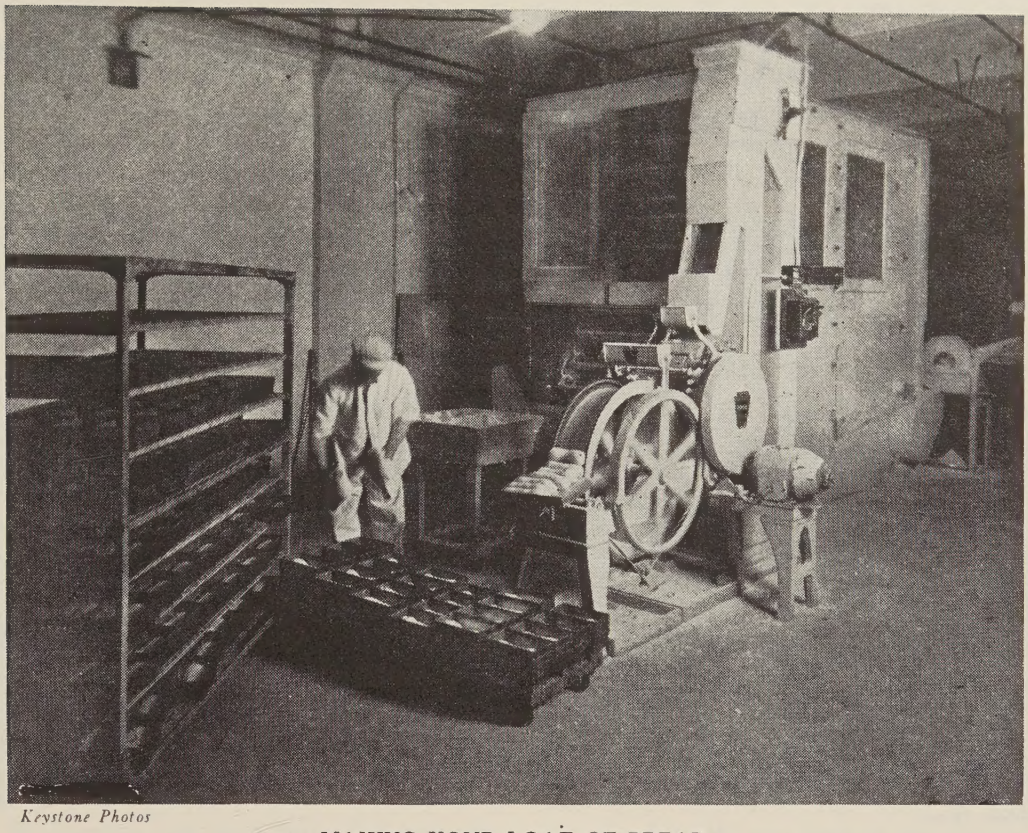
He is also suffering—and the consumer more than he—by the adulteration of bread. The baking combine does not use as much flour per loaf as was used in the olden days. Ask your wife to bake a loaf of bread. If she uses the best flour, you will have a nourishing and satisfying loaf on your table. But it will be lacking in one thing. The bread your wife has made will not be as white as the one that comes from the Ward factory or other factories. Your wife did not buy the adulterated product that goes into the making of a loaf of bread that comes from the factory. In the chemical world this is known as "plaster of paris"—scarcely a fitting diet for any stomach, human or otherwise.

Look up the records of your State Courts of New York and Massachusetts. There you will learn that prior to the war that the Health Departments of both states had haled Mr. Ward before the Judges in an endeavor to try to stop him from using this stuff. But the war came on and the Judges "reserved their decisions"—and we forgot it. The bakery workers hope to be able to resurrect it. Perhaps we will find some help in other parts of the country than just in the East.

The adulterated product has a value—for the combine. When this stuff is used, the trust bakers can put in an extra bucket of water to every barrel of flour that is to be turned into bread. This means 32 pounds of water more in the bread that you buy. The "plaster of paris" holds it when it gets to the oven, so that the flour and water stay together, and the flour does not float away. You need not be amazed at being hungry, after eating such "food."

Coming and Going

The new combine, formed by the purchase of the Ward Baking Company by the United, has incorporated itself for the small sum of $75,000,000. Behind this $75,000,000, in the Board of Directors, are men that are known not only in the food trust but in other combinations. There are steel magnates and coal barons. They want to get us, coming and going, as the old saying went.



Keystone Photos

MAKING YOUR LOAF OF BREAD

This worker and yourselves pay tribute to the Masters of Bread—in high prices and low wages.

The Bakers Union has been fighting this combine for many years. As early as 1889 it warned the "public" that a pool was in the making, and that a trust would follow. That was in the year that the Shults Baking Company formed a merger of a number of bakeries in New York. This company is now united with the Ward Company in the United Corporation. It produces the much advertised "Certified Bread."

The Bakers Union can say that its battle against the trust has not been a matter of yesterday. At the time of its warning 35 years ago, the "public" paid little heed. "It is only a Socialist cry," they said at that time. "We won't believe the danger." Today, when the hard facts are knocking us all in the heads, the danger has grown, until it is mountain-size. We pay heavy tribute to it with every loaf of bread.

In every battle, the interests of the farmers, the consumers and the workers are the same. They have identical common enemies. No more so is this the case in any industry than in that of producing and baking bread. The bakery workers intend to continue the fight against the combine. They intend to do all in their power to kill the adulteration now going on. The other workers, as consumers, should fight with them. In the courts—and in the use of their purchasing power! The bread of the anti-union combine should be shunned, at all costs. The union men have done this splendidly in the past year. The miners, in particular, have driven the wagons of the trust out of their communities. That is fine work, which must be kept up.

The spirit of the workers is shown by the fact that only 200, out of 2,600 men locked out last May have returned to the Ward Company. The rest are now working in union shops with signed-up agreements.

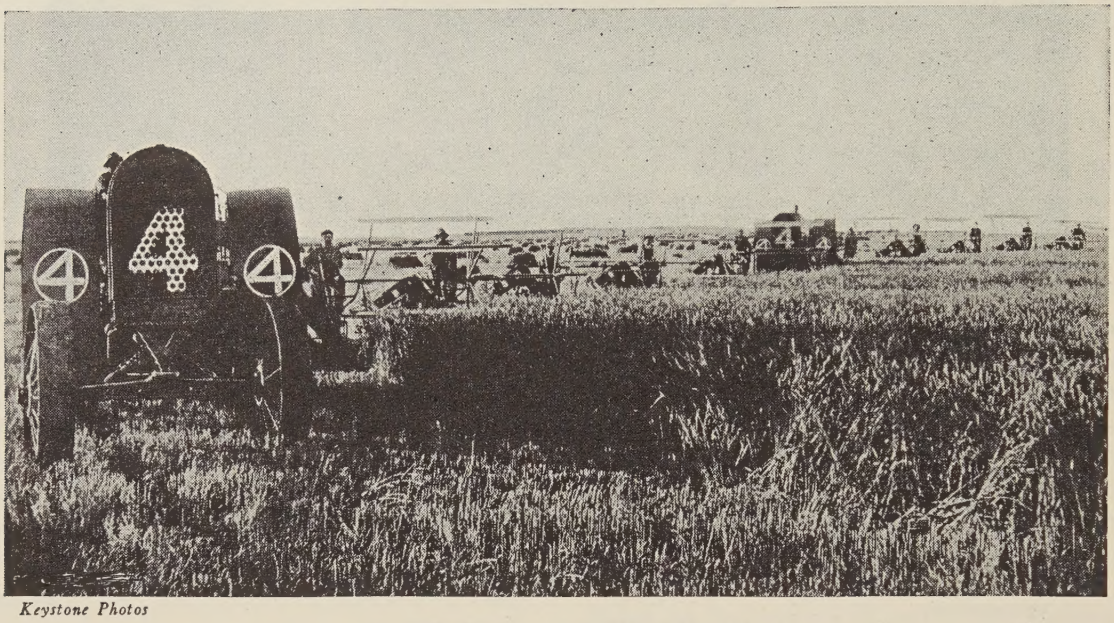
The bigger program, also, can scarcely be forgotten. Workers and consumers and farmers can join hands in doing more than mere defensive battling. An inventory is now being taken, through Senate investigations, of the looting of the American people. It might well be extended to take in an investigation of the Bread Trust. Let's have such an investigation. Out of it will come knowledge as to how to make this Trust serve the people and the workers—instead of bleeding them.

With one accord, concerning that investigation, we all vote: "Aye."

Why Wheat Growers Go Broke

While Wheat Gamblers Wax Fat

By BENJAMIN C. MARSH



Keystone Photos

BEFORE me lies a diagram. It is entitled "Distribution of Wheat and Wheat Products." It is contained in the report of the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry, dealing with marketing and distribution.

At the left of the diagram, in heavy black type, the producer appears. Way over on the right is the consumer. Between these two victims of the marketing system I count 62 agencies and corporations! Every one of these takes something away from the producer or the consumer or both.

They range from local buyers, shippers and elevators, and local flour mills, on through all sorts and conditions of transportation, to brokers, commission men, primary markets, wholesalers, jobbers and more brokers on getting nearer to the consumer.

To get a real background of the situation, we must refer to one "generality." We have opened a continent in record time. Most foolishly and uneconomically has it been done, because of our stupid land system and our transportation system. The wheat farmers have been hit the hardest of all the farmers by this crazy-quilt arrangement.

Spring and Winter Wheat

Wheat needs soil of light fertile clay or medium fertile loam of some depth, (heavy clays are inclined to bake). Good drainage is necessary. In semi-arid lands the production per acre depends entirely upon the careful treatment given the land before planting. On account of the geographic distribution of wheat, there are more varieties of it than of almost any other plant. Numerous varieties of winter wheat are planted in the early autumn and harvested the next spring, about two or three weeks earlier than the spring wheat. Its yield depends upon the moisture in the soil during the winter, the protection it receives from snowfall, and the severity of the cold season. This yield is from fifteen to twenty-five bushels per acre. It produces a distinctly superior flour and naturally sells at a higher price than spring wheat. But the risks in raising it are greater. It often suffers greatly from droughts in the early autumn and freezing in the winter.

Spring wheat of many kinds—among which Durum, Macaroni, Marquis, and Scotch Fife are the most popular varieties in the United States—is sown where spring planting is the rule. The Dakotas, Montana, Minnesota and Idaho are "spring wheat States."

Commercially speaking there are only two colors of wheat—red and white. Actually there are many varieties of each. The grades and sizes of the heads, (which of course affect the yield) are improved by selection and crossing.

"Just what is the cost of production?"

The answer rests on three things: the value of land cultivated, implements and machinery used, price of labor and yield obtained. The average production per acre in the United States is about 14 bushels—only about one-half the yield of European countries. The Department of Agriculture, however, puts the average cost of production of wheat in 1923 at $1.23 per bushel. That does not begin to tell the story. In some places the cost of production is up to $3.00 per bushel. The Department states that the minimum at which 80 per cent of the wheat crop can be raised is one-fifth to one-fourth more than the average cost of production. Adding about one-fourth, this means that the minimum cost of production of 80 per cent of the wheat crop in the United States last year was about $1.44. And this does not make any undue allowance for labor. It should be noted that many farmers get 85 cents per bushel at the nearest elevator. One dollar per bushel was a high average for the country.

Losing the Land

The Secretary of Agriculture, in his report on the wheat situation last year, stated that in the fifteen wheat producing states of the country 10.8 per cent of the farmers lost their farm and property from 1920 to 1923. Another 16.28 per cent retained their farms and property only through the leniency of creditors. In the western winter wheat states—Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado—10.83 per cent of the farmers lost out. Again, 17.53 per cent of them kept the right to pay interest on their mortgages through the leniency of their creditors. In the spring wheat region—including Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho—15.66 per cent of the farmers lost their farms and property. A large percentage, 23.98, retained them through the leniency of the creditors. (That is, by what the wheat growers call "arrangements" with the bankers.) They are still tied to their farms by the mortgages.

In semi-arid countries the success of the wheat crop does not depend on the amount of rainfall so much as upon the careful treatment of the land before planting. It should be plowed, several weeks before planting. It should be "worked"—that is, disked and harrowed—several times to settle it. This allows the roots to get a firm footing and conserves the moisture.

There are numerous diseases of wheat. Rusts, orange and black, which attack wheat after the ear has begun to fill, are both due to climatic conditions. Smuts, of which there are several kinds. The most common of insect enemies of wheat are the chinch bug and the Hessian fly. The damage done by the chinch bug is often very extensive. The United States Department of Agriculture has for some time past been active in combatting the Hessian fly by bringing in its deadly enemy. This is an insect bearing the fine title, "platygaster hemealis." If they are successful, the farmers of the Middle West will be relieved of a large annual waste.

If wheat is harvested with a binder, harvesting begins when the heads are yellow and stems still a bit green. If harvested with a header, a machine which merely clips the heads and leaves the straw in the field, the wheat must be very ripe. It is then stacked. A few days after stacking a heating or "sweating" sets in which lasts for two or three weeks. When a combined harvester and thresher is used, as it is in so many of the western states, the wheat must be dead ripe and very dry. In this way the wheat is ready for the market directly after it is harvested.

"Acts of Providence"

The wheat growers suffer seriously, too, from their crop losses. These are a dead loss. There is no general insurance to cover this at present. In each of seven years, from 1909 to 1921, the crop loss has been 30 per cent of the total crop for the year. It ran as high as 38.7 per cent, nearly 2/5, in 1916. In 1919 it was 37.6, while it was almost one-third in 1921. In recent years it seldom falls below 30 per cent. The chief causes for this loss have been too little or too much moisture, frost or freezes, and plant disease. All of these being what we mis-call "acts of Providence." A queer idea of Providence indeed!

Of course, all that the wheat farmers have had to do in God's noblest calling—is to produce the wheat. The other fellow has tended to the marketing and making of the profits out of the wheat. The wheat is carried by trucks to the nearest shipping center and there graded. Then it is sold to privately-owned corporations, or private individuals' elevators. Here a marvelous change takes place. There are three grades of wheat. When the wheat reaches the elevator it is graded second grade or third grade. But a speedy passage through the elevator transforms it by a marvelous alchemy of high finance into the First grade!

The poor farmer has gotten only pay for second or third grade. The miller seldom has a chance to buy anything graded as first class. In one year some of the elevators in Minneapolis—one of the biggest holdup centers of wheat farmers in the world—sold about two times as much first grade wheat as they bought. And they had very little

carry over. It was this iniquitous system of robbing farmers which was one of the chief causes of the organization of the National Non-Partisan League. This, our readers will remember, has been strongest in the spring wheat states—the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Montana and Idaho.

Every political movement has an economic background. That is seen clearly in wheat. The big terminal elevators and the old line elevator companies fought the farmers' co-operatives, and co-operative elevators and selling agencies. A wheat grower's daughter from South Dakota, who has often driven a six-horse team in the harvest field, gave me the following typical experience from her home town. Her family joined the Non-partisan League.

"When farmers' co-operatives were first promoted and organized in our state, about 1913, our town, being a rather progressive center planned to build an elevator owned by farmers. This plan had a great deal of opposition while the stock was being subscribed, and a great deal of pessimistic propaganda was circulated, indirectly. However, the stock was subscribed and the year after the farmers elevator got into working condition (1914), each elevator in the city paid from 8 to 10 cents a bushel more for wheat than any of the towns in which there were no farmers' co-operative elevators."

Living on Faith

The farmers' elevator, however, will not be able any longer to compete with the iron clad financial control of wheat. There is no profit in raising wheat as long as the money interests control the marketing of wheat. Four or five years ago a great project was started for co-operative marketing of wheat. It was The United States Grain Growers, Inc., organized to pool wheat. It was a fly-by-night. They did not sell an additional bushel of wheat,—the financiers got them.

The wheat grower has not a pleasant outlook. He has got to live by faith or go broke.

In the same report on the wheat growers situation, quoted above as to the failure of wheat growers, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has discussed the beauties of diversified farming. Says he: "On the other hand, in those regions where wheat is grown as a part of a diversified system of farming, it may be that even at the present price it is more profitable than any alternative crop." A bad prospect.

Before the War the average acreage planted in wheat was only about 49,000,000 in the United States. During the war under the urge of patriotism and the world need for wheat, this acreage was increased. It went up to about 75,000,000 acres. Wheat growers went heavily into debt to buy land and equipment.

The government fixed the price of wheat at $2.26 per bushel. It was intended as the lowest price. But—through error or crime in administration, it became the highest price. The wheat growers were deprived of about $1,500,000,000, which they would have gotten of the world's price. The wheat acreage has been gradually reduced, but the cost of production is nearly as high as the cost of production during the war.

In 1919 unemployment grew in the United States, and in 1920 the per capita consumption of wheat in the United States was one-third—230,000,000 bushels less than in 1919. The wheat situation is partly the outgrowth of the war. Then, the consumers were told to eat less wheat and the producers to raise more wheat. Both of them complied and both of them are now up against it.

Back the Norris-Sinclair Bill!

But if the United States had consumed as much wheat per capita in 1923 as in 1919, there would have been practically no surplus of wheat for export. The world has never produced a real surplus of wheat in any period of years. It cannot use much more than the present world consumption. American wheat growers are in for a long period of depression, unless the population grows as fast as the wheat does. Or, unless Congress creates a government marketing corporation! The Norris-Sinclair bill provides for that. This corporation would handle the marketing of wheat and do away with the speculative middlemen who gamble in wheat, flour and bread.

The wheat farmer gets only about 1.47 cents for the wheat that goes into a loaf of bread. For this same loaf the unfortunate consumer pays from a minimum of 6 cents in a very few places, to an average of 10 cents and a maximum of about 11 cents. To break even, the wheat grower must get about 3 cents for the wheat that goes into a loaf of bread. At that, it could sell for 7 cents with all proper charges made and profits paid. If—the "niggers in the woodpile" were driven out!

The McNary-Haugen bill seeks to sell the surplus crop abroad. It puts the losses back upon the farmer for the losses sustained in the export either as flour or wheat. It is uneconomic and will fail to give relief to the wheat growers. It does not seriously disturb the gamblers in wheat. They can go on playing their game, from the raw stage to the consumers' table.

Is the wheat farmer to be made much victim of his patriotism? Probably not much longer after the next election!

The Octopus

A Summary of Frank Norris' Epic of the Wheat

STRUGGLE! That is the theme of this great story. A struggle unto death.

The ranchers of the peaceful San Joaquin Valley in California against the "Octopus," the Pacific and Southwestern Railway.

The combat between the two forces, so unequally matched, is poised against a background of wheat. It begins in the late fall, just after the crop has been cut, with the ranchers' hopes still high. It ends the next fall, in the harvest. The ranchers are then completely vanquished and the great trust secure in its possessions.

The San Joaquin Valley was half owned by the P. & S.W. The company had received alternate sections of land as a bonus from the government for building the railway. But some years back, it had invited settlers to take up the land. It offered to give an option to the first comers and a later sale price of from $2.50 to $5.00 with no extra charge for improvements. A great many ranchers had taken up this land, as well as the nearby government land, which was open to them. They had begun to grow wheat in huge quantities on ranches as large as 10,000 acres. The largest ranches in the Valley were: El Rancho de los Muertos owned by Magnus Derrick, a gentleman of the old school who lived on his ranch with his wife and his son Harran; the Quien Sabe Rancho, owned by "Buck Annixter, a crusty young bachelor whose temper "rubs everyone the wrong way"; the Rancho of Osterman, a curious young man, who mixes natural good temper with a desire to be eccentric, and the Rancho of Broderson, an ineffective old man.

For the two years before the beginning of the story, the crop had been bad. The ranchers have managed to hold out only in the hope of a better year coming. Now, in the fall of the second year, they are planning their winter plowing. Magnus Derrick returns from San Francisco, after the defeat of the ranchers in a suit they brought against the railroad for the reduction of grain rates. He and his son, Harran, notice on the tracks a carload of plows for them, which has been taking an impossibly long time in reaching them. But their pleasure at the receipt of the plows, in time for the plowing after the first rain, is soon dampened. The Railway Agent, S. Behrman, informs them that the plows must go to San Francisco and then back to Bonneville before they can have them. The shadow of the railway has fallen.

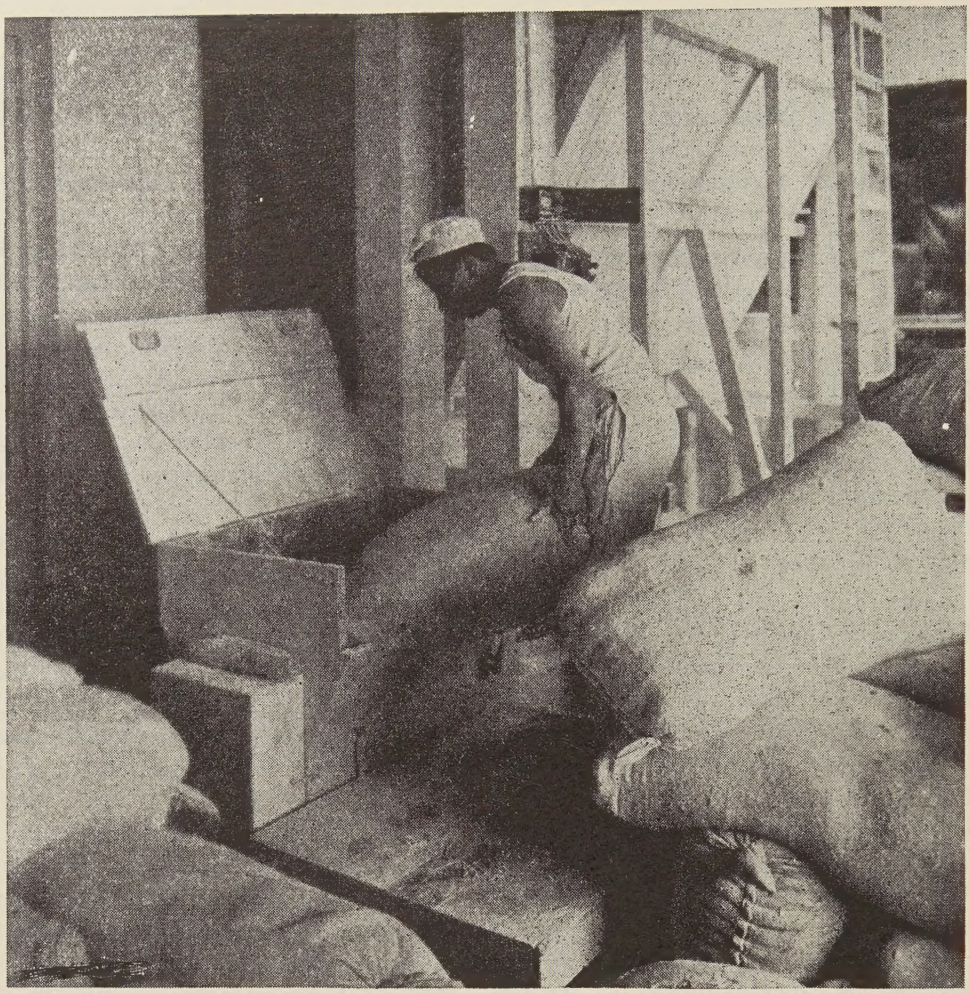
On his way to invite Annixter, Osterman, and Broderson to his home for dinner that evening, Derrick and his son meet another enemy of the railroad. It is Dyke, a P. & S.W. engineer. The road has just discharged him because he would not accept a wage cut. He is "speaking his mind" against the railroad. But he plans to escape his troubles by taking up hop raising, at which he expects to make a "killing."

At the dinner that evening, Genslinger, the editor of the Bonneville *Mercury*, a paper which the ranchers strongly suspect is subsidized by the P. & S. W.—observes very casually that the railroad is to grade their lands that winter. The likelihood is, he says, that the charges will be from $20 to $30 an acre. The ranchers regard this statement with unbelief. Had not the railroad promised that they would be sold the land at from $2.50 to $5.00 an acre? Their agitation over this and over their defeat in the grain rate case in San Francisco leads to an important decision. At the suggestion of Osterman, they decide to go into politics and elect railroad commissioners who will favor them, and fix the rates to their advantage. But the scheme involves bribery. Magnus, who represents the old school of politics, will not consider it. The other men, however, regard the scheme with favor.

The attempt is to be made to bribe Disbrow, the political agent of the Denver, Pueblo, and Mojave Road to accept the ranchers' man for the third district. The P. & S.W. is to have the naming of its own man for the first district. Then will they fight tooth and nail with as much money as they can put their hands on for their candidate in the second district. Lyman Derrick, Magnus's son, but a city lawyer and business man, is their choice.

In the winter, Harran Derrick is prevailed on to come in on the deal. Annixter, going to town, attempts to get the P. & S.W. to sell him his ranch at two and a half dollars an acre. His offer is refused, as it has been before. He meets Dyke, who is doing very well on his hop plantation. The ex-engineer, after discovering that the rates for hop shipments are 2 cents a pound, mortgages his homestead and his crop to S. Behrman. Annixter, looking on, pities him.

Annixter plans to open his new barn with a dance,



Keystone Photos

THE BREAD MAKER

as is the custom in the district. The dance starts happily, marred only by some shooting. A cowboy, Delaney, whose hatred Annixter has gained by putting him off his ranch, comes to the dance and stirs up the trouble. During the supper that is served to the ranchers in the harness room, a message comes for Annixter from the telegraph company. In it, there are messages for each one of the ranchers from the railway, announcing the fact that their lands are open for sale to anyone—disregarding the option—at a price of from $20 to $30. The blow has fallen!

In the great turmoil that succeeds, Osterman gets all the ranchers to join a League of Defense, pledged to fight the railroads. The League has only vague principles, but all the men sign a pledge to stick by each other. Over his protests, they elect Magnus Derrick president.

The League's Executive Committee by bribery gets its two candidates for the Railway Commission —Darrell and Lyman Derrick—elected. Magnus Derrick feels wretched over his crimes and certain that he will have to pay for them in loss of community respect. The ranchers have refused to buy their lands or to lease them from the railroad at the prices demanded; and the railroad has put in dummy purchasers. S. Behrman, the agent for Los Muertos is one of them. The other is Delaney, Annixter's enemy for the Quien Sabe.

In the meantime, others are in trouble, too. Dyke, the discharged engineer, happy in planning an education at the Seminary for his daughter Sidney with the profits of the ranch, finds out that there will be no profits. The railroad, learning of the high prices paid for hops in the east, raises the rate on them to 5 cents a pound. Dyke stops cultivating and begins to drink at Caraher's saloon.

Annixter has fallen in love with a girl who works on the dairy on his ranch, Hilma Tree. After much difficulty, he finally persuades her to marry him. The thought of her love has made him much less of a fighter. Coming home from San Francisco with his

wife, he is on the train which Dyke holds up. The former engineer manages to get away with five thousand dollars, but not before he has killed one of the brakemen. Desperation and hatred for the road had driven him to this "crime." S. Behrman, the railroad agent, vows that he will get Dyke. A posse sets out on the trail of the unhappy man.

Annixter, very much softened by his love for Hilma, takes Mrs. Dyke, Dyke's mother and the little Sidney to his ranch.

Lyman Derrick comes down to his father's ranch the next day to explain the new schedule of rates drawn by the commissioners. He tries to apologize for them. But they spell "betrayal." The ranchers, on their discovery that the San Joaquin wheat rates have not been reduced, immediately accuse him of treachery. He replies to the accusation by stating that his father is a "briber."

Genslinger, the *Mercury* editor, blackmails Magnus for $10,000 to keep still about the bribery. Magnus is forced to give him the money, for he fears that otherwise he will be driven from his office as President of the League. His love of power makes that impossible.

But worse follows worse. The ranchers have lost their case against the railroads in the State Supreme Court. With the prospect of a heavy crop for the first time in three years, they face the loss of their land.

To celebrate the harvest, Osterman has a jack-rabbit drive. The whole countryside is there. Just before the drive, Dyke is captured by S. Behrman and three aids, after a long and harrowing chase. While the drive is on, word comes to the ranchers that the marshal has dispossessed Annixter and is about to dispossess Derrick.

The Leaguers are very hesitant to go to the defense of the ranch, as they had promised. But Derrick, Harran, Annixter, Osterman, Dabney a friend of Broderson's, Broderson, Hooven, a tenant of Derrick's, and three other ranchers go back to defend Los Muertos with their guns. There is an attempt at parley. The defenders of the ranch, entrenched in an irrigation ditch, believe the peace attempts to have failed. Guns are fired. In the battle that follows Harran, Annixter, Osterman, Dabney, Hooven, Christian, a brother-in-law of S. Behrman, and Delaney are killed.

The League, after counselling moderation, gives in to the railroad. The ranchers lease from the road the land they really own. They leave Magnus, a broken man, to be dispossessed. For *The Mercury*, in spite of Genslinger's hush money, prints the story of the bribe.

The Hooven family go to the city, where Mrs. Hooven starves to death. Minna Hooven, the oldest daughter, becomes a prostitute. Dyke is sentenced to life imprisonment and his mother dies. Magnus Derrick remains practically insane; his wife goes back to her old position to support him. And his son, Lyman Derrick, is running for Governor with the railroad support!

S. Behrman, the railroad agent in Bonneville who took such a personal interest in destroying the ranchers, is the conqueror. Dyke's shot at him in the last struggle before his capture does not go off. Presley, a young poet, who had been living with the Derricks, inflamed by the ranchers' wrongs, attempts to bomb his house. But Behrman is not killed. He has taken over the Los Muertos Ranch, where a wonderful crop is being harvested. But retribution comes to him; he is caught in the chute of his new grain elevator and lies buried under the wheat.

Presley surveying the ruin at the end as he has surveyed the horror all through the book, can at first see no good in all the torture. But at last he sees—"The Wheat remained, untouched, unassailable, undefiled, that mighty world force, that nourisher of nations, wrapped in Nirvanic calm, indifferent to the human swarm, gigantic, resistless, moved onward in its appointed grooves."

But the cry of the wheat grower, which echoes through the book, is raised still in battle. The railroads are still at his throat. The end is not yet!

THE L. I. D. AT BELMAR

FOR those who do not know: "L. I. D." does not stand for "lid." It is not trying to put the lid on, but to take it off.

The letters are none other than the initials of the League for Industrial Democracy, which has spread the message of industrial democracy and peace in the colleges of the country. It also has maintained an excellent news service to the labor press, under the editorship of Norman Thomas.

This year the L. I. D. holds its conference at Belmar, N. J. It is only a brief distance down the Jersey coast from New York City. The dates: June 25th to 27th. The subject under discussion is: "Shall there be an American Labor Party?" Believers in free speech, the L. I. D. assures that the discussion will be unlimited in time, space or personnel. The address of the League is 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A Strike Against Waste

While Employers Attempt to Abolish Collective Bargaining

By OSSIP WOLINSKY

THE Cloak, Suit, Skirt and Reefer Makers in the City of New York are again to meet their employers in open battle. A general strike is imminent. Everything and everybody is ready for war.

The Ladies' Garment Merchant Association, consisting of the large jobbers in the trade, as well as the Protective Manufacturers Association, a remnant of inside manufacturers that was left of the old association, have turned down the demands of the Union, aiming to bring order out of chaos in the cloak and suit industry in New York. Not less than 50,000 workers are affected in this combat in the largest single industry in the city and state.

The "ten commandments" of the Union for peace, safety and stability in the industry have called forth the bitterest opposition and wrath of the employers, who termed them "confiscatory." They have aroused the interest of the entire labor movement to an extent no other issues ever did.

Great were the issues in the struggles of the cloakmakers in the past. For years, the cloak manufacturers could not reconcile themselves to the right of the worker to his job, which has become an inalienable right of the workers in the garment industry throughout the country. For years they have stood on the autocratic platform of hiring and firing at will. They gave up the fight only after costly and bitter struggles, which led many a manufacturer to utter ruination.

The fights for shorter hours, minimum scales of wages, price committees, shop chairmen, and shop adjustments are still fresh in our memories. Last but not least, we still remember the fight to bring in the week work system in the cloak and suit industry, which since its very inception was established on a sweat-shop, piece-work basis. And yet, the present struggle threatens to be the bitterest of them all.

Why? Are the present demands of the Union more revolutionary and less possible of compliance? No! absolutely not! True, the "ten commandments" of the Union embrace the demands for a forty-hour week; an increased minimum scale of wages, the scale to be the standard wage in the industry and the only one which the Union shall protect; the establishment of a joint insurance fund for unemployed workers to which the jobbers as well as the manufacturers shall contribute and from which the workers totally unemployed shall be paid certain definite sums per week for a certain period of the year; the reclassification of the finishers in the trade in view of the changes that have taken place in that branch of the industry; the adoption of a sanitary and Union label to be used on all garments union-made and under sanitary conditions; the formation of a labor bureau by the Union from which the employers shall secure all their workers. But all of these demands could not have made the employers so bitter against the Union. The employers knew that the Union would not risk battle because of the shorter working week, however much shorter hours would spell more employment for the many unemployed in the seasonal cloak and suit trade.

The Union demand that the employers shall secure all their workers from a labor bureau established by the Union is after all far from being confiscatory. Labor bureaus have been established for years in many industries. These include the clothing trade, dress trade, embroidery trade, pocketbook and fancy leather goods trade, and many others.

The reclassification of the finishers—because of the changes that have taken place in that branch of the industry—is only to right a wrong perpetrated against a certain branch of workers in the cloak and suit industry. This wrong is of long standing and crying for correction. The spokesmen for the manufacturers and the Union could easily agree on a compromise.

The demand for an increased minimum wage scale, which wage scale shall be the only one the Union will protect, was not at all the unanimous choice of all the leaders of the New York Joint Board. Differences of opinion still prevail among labor leaders on this point. The manufacturers knew too well that an understanding could be reached on that point.

The Protective Association not only blundered. It simply camouflaged the issues when it declared the demands of the Union for a shorter working week, increased minimum scales of wages, unemployment insurance, etc., to be undebatable. The Protective aimed to swing public opinion on their side, raising the cry of higher cost of production and higher prices to the consumer. I hope that the Union will soon show up the manufacturers in their right colors.

The Nub

What is the Union so very anxious of getting, and what are the jobbers and inside manufacturers fighting so much against? They are: the demands of the Union to the effect that the jobber shall be limited to a certain number of contractors and submanufacturers during each season; the establishment of a guaranteed time period of employment in the

industry for which the manufacturers and jobbers shall be responsible; an absolute right of the Union to examine all records which are necessary in the opinion of the Union to ascertain that the work is being done in accordance with the provisions of the agreement, and the establishment of certain disciplinary measures against such jobbers or employers as may evade any of the terms of the agreement.

The limitation of contractors is not at all novel in the annals of the needle trades unions of New York. The clothing workers, for years, practiced this control of contractors. The manufacturers were not allowed to change, or add, contractors at their own sweet will. The demand is one which has proven to be a reform of the greatest helpfulness to the men's clothing industry. It will prove likewise beneficial in the making of ladies' garments.

The cloak manufacturers in the City of Cleveland have long worked under the system of a guaranteed time period of employment. The clothing manufacturers in the City of Chicago are working under an arrangement with the Union providing for the establishment of a joint insurance fund for unemployed workers. Yet, the New York jobbers and manufacturers term the demands of the Union confiscatory.

A study of conditions in the cloak and suit industry in the City of New York furnishes the reasons for the Union demands, as well as the manufacturers' opposition.

The cloak and suit industry in the City of New York is in a state of chaos. A few trusts in the form of jobbing and stock houses have established a firm control and monopoly over the industry. The number of legitimate manufacturers is very small. The trade is infested with small contracting shops, corporation shops, social shops, and home-working establishments.

The cut-throat competition is getting keener every day, at the expense of the workers in the industry. The trade is suffering from an enormous amount of waste. An unbelievable number of middlemen are a terrible drain upon the industry. The small shop has become a curse of which the industry must get rid. The fifty thousand workers are scattered in over three thousand shops, an average of one manufacturing establishment for every sixteen workers. The small contracting shop can no longer be controlled. The industry has drifted back to the sweat-shop and sweat-shop conditions. The forty-four hour week is on paper. Piece-work in disguise is again rampant.

The jobbers, as well as the inside manufacturers who are doing very little manufacturing inside and much jobbing outside, are the only beneficiaries of the present chaos. Hence, the great opposition of the jobbers and manufacturers to the union demand that the jobbers and manufacturers shall assume responsibility for the working standards and conditions of their outside shops. They do not want the number of contractors limited. That would abolish the cut-throat competition of the outside shops at the expense of the workers. It would work for stabilized working standards and conditions. They want a free and unlimited fertile soil for exploitation and domination to the very last drop of blood of the toiling men and women in the cloak and suit industry.

A guaranteed time period of employment? They "should worry" if the workers are constantly in fear of losing their jobs. The jobbers are changing contractors as often as a clean person changes his washing. Each time a worker is forced to seek a job in a highly competitive market his wages decline and his standards are lowered. An inside manufacturer in contractual relations with the Union could not discharge and fire workers at will. Under the present system the jobbers and manufacturers are doing that every day.

Breaking the Vicious Circle

Each time a jobber or manufacturer changes his old contractor for a new one, the workers of the former are deprived of their livelihood and actually fired out of their place of employment. The contractor lives from hand to mouth. When forced to seek for a new jobber or new manufacturer, he must in turn compete again and slash prices again at the expense of the working force. It is a vicious circle keeping the cloakmakers coming and going all the time. From which circle the Union is striving to free the fifty thousand workers of the industry.

The Ladies' Garment Merchants Association of jobbers, as well as the Protective Association consisting of inside manufacturers, have abandoned their labor departments. After June 1st, each and every jobber and manufacturer will be at liberty to settle their labor disputes to the best of their ability.

The trade papers have proclaimed that move as being smart. They hail the abolishment of collective bargaining in the cloak and suit industry. It is a terrific blow to organized labor and Unionism, they cry. Is the abandonment of collective bargaining in the cloak and suit industry really such a smart move on the part of the jobbers and manufacturers in the City of New York? Will it really mean such a terrific blow to the Union? Will other associations of jobbers and manufacturers spring up before the battle is over in order to gain all benefits of collective bargaining? These are the questions on everybody's lips these days of crisis in the cloak and suit industry of the Greater City.

I am told by high authorities that the manufacturers and jobbers voting for the abolishment of the labor departments of their respective associations have been misled by their leaders. They labored under the impression that they would fool the Union by making individual contracts without having established adequate machinery for enforcement of agreements.

WHERE THE I. L. G. W. U. STANDS

ONE of the neatest publicity statements issued lately was that of the International Ladies Garment Workers to the New York City press.

It gave in a few words the issues of the present difficulty in their industry. Too many shops. Too many would-be bosses. TOO MUCH WASTE. An industry in turmoil. That was the verdict. No one could escape it, after reading how things stand.

Limitation of these would-be bosses. Strict supervision of the employers, to see that they keep the industry in good shape. A guaranteed work period, so that there may be some order in the industry. These are the substance of their demands.

To them the employers have merely given fumbling replies. They have no remedies for the situation. They have no thought about how things might be improved. They, calling themselves "jobbers," merely insist that they are not employers. They run away from responsibility. They are like the ostrich—hiding their heads in the sands of camouflage, in the hope that no one will see them as they really are. But the New York World *immediately threw the sands away, in a corking editorial. The employers cannot fool anyone by calling themselves "jobbers," says that paper. They must stand up and take their medicine.*

And that medicine is the program of the union. It will restore the sick man to health.

The "Die Hards" on Top

I do not share these views. The costly battles waged by the die-hards in the clothing industry led to the destruction of the clothing manufacturers' association in the City of New York. If the Joint Board of the Amalgamated suffers, it is surely not because of the non-existence of a collective agreement in the clothing industry. Should conditions improve and the clothing shops in the City of New York again become active, the Union will in the future, as well as in the past, act quickly and with precision to obtain better working standards and conditions for the workers of the industry.

A number of jobbers as well as manufacturers feel conciliatory towards the Union. Others are stubborn, greedy, and bitter. The abandonment of the labor departments of the Ladies' Garment Merchant Association, as well as the Protective, will make it possible for the more conciliatory employers to sign up with the Union. They will leave it to the die-hards to fight their own battles. Of course, as usual, the early settlers will demand a provision in the contracts to the effect that whatever concessions will be made after to the die-hards shall become operative in their own establishments—in other words, playing safe, getting the benefit at somebody else's expense and worriment.

It is needless to say that the larger the number of early settlers, the quicker will be broken the stubbornness of the die-hards. Besides, the Wholesale Ladies' Garment Merchant Association, as well as the Protective, are still alive and existent. Despite the abolishment of their labor departments, and despite all assurances to the contrary, they are interested in the labor situation at the present time more than in credit, marketing of the product, the buying of raw materials, or anything else.

What will prevent them during the upheaval from re-establishing their labor departments? And who can say now that they will not do so if forced to?

True, collective bargaining and mass settlements with large groups of employers of an industry are more economical, even more practical. The moral force behind the collective machinery of adjustment, as well as the machinery of adjustment itself, is worth a whole lot. But it is not worth any more to the Union than it is to the Association of employers. Many a jobber and manufacturer in the cloak and suit industry, feels the need of collective bargaining and knows its benefits. They will strive and work to group together other forces of employers, with a view of concluding a collective agreement with the New York Joint Board, International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. The present move of the jobbers and manufacturers is chaotic within itself. It reflects the chaotic conditions of the cloak and suit industry at the present time, which the Union is striving to eliminate. The abolishment of collective bargaining in the needle industries in the City of New York is only temporary and cannot be lasting.

One thing in the entire incident strikes me very funny, however. I remember the time when extremists within our own ranks would expand the gospel of individual settlements as against collective agreements with employers' associations. The die-hards in the garment industries in the City of New York are endeavoring to put it into effect. Watch them put their fingers in fire!

In the Mind of the Employer

Suggesting a Little Slumming on Our Own Account

THERE lived an old negro preacher, in the days of our youth, who gained some claim to fame by insisting that the "sun do move."

In that many words, he set down his belief that the sun went around the earth, rather than the earth going around the sun. Conflicting as this idea was with the prevailing views on that subject, he was regarded good-naturedly as a heretic against the heavenly laws. The movement of the sun one way or the other had not yet affected Property Rights—so every one could afford to be good-natured with a heretic of that stripe.

Leaving these airy discussions to Newton and Einstein and Judge Rutherford, we may remark that whether the sun moved or not, ways of doing things on this old orb *do move*. At any rate, they change. Whether they go forward or backward, the doctors of history disagree. When we see the Klan and the Fascisti, we may have our own doubts about it. But when we pierce through the night gown and the black shirt, we see that unconsciously these anti-social groups are using old hates and prejudices against new forces. It is Labor that is the issue over the world to-day—the assertion of the masses, out of slavery and serfdom, that they be Masters. That demand—after the centuries of struggle upward—is assurance of Progress.

It has been a favorite outdoor sport of an army of impotent folks in the past to card index, cross-examine and bull-doze into "normalcy" the poorer section of the working class. In this way they have gotten some satisfaction out of the fact that they could have gotten nowhere themselves in the struggle for mastery in the knock-down and drag-out of life. Rich patronesses have also been induced to take sight-seeing trips to the slum districts of the larger cities, to feel the thrill of noting "how the other half live." These rich ladies have thereupon given to the "social service" guides nice sums of money to "stamp out" prostitution and "abolish" poverty in this family or that—while their husbands and fathers were producing prostitutes and poverty-stricken wretches ten times as fast, by the union of the underworld and Big Business, which exists in every city.

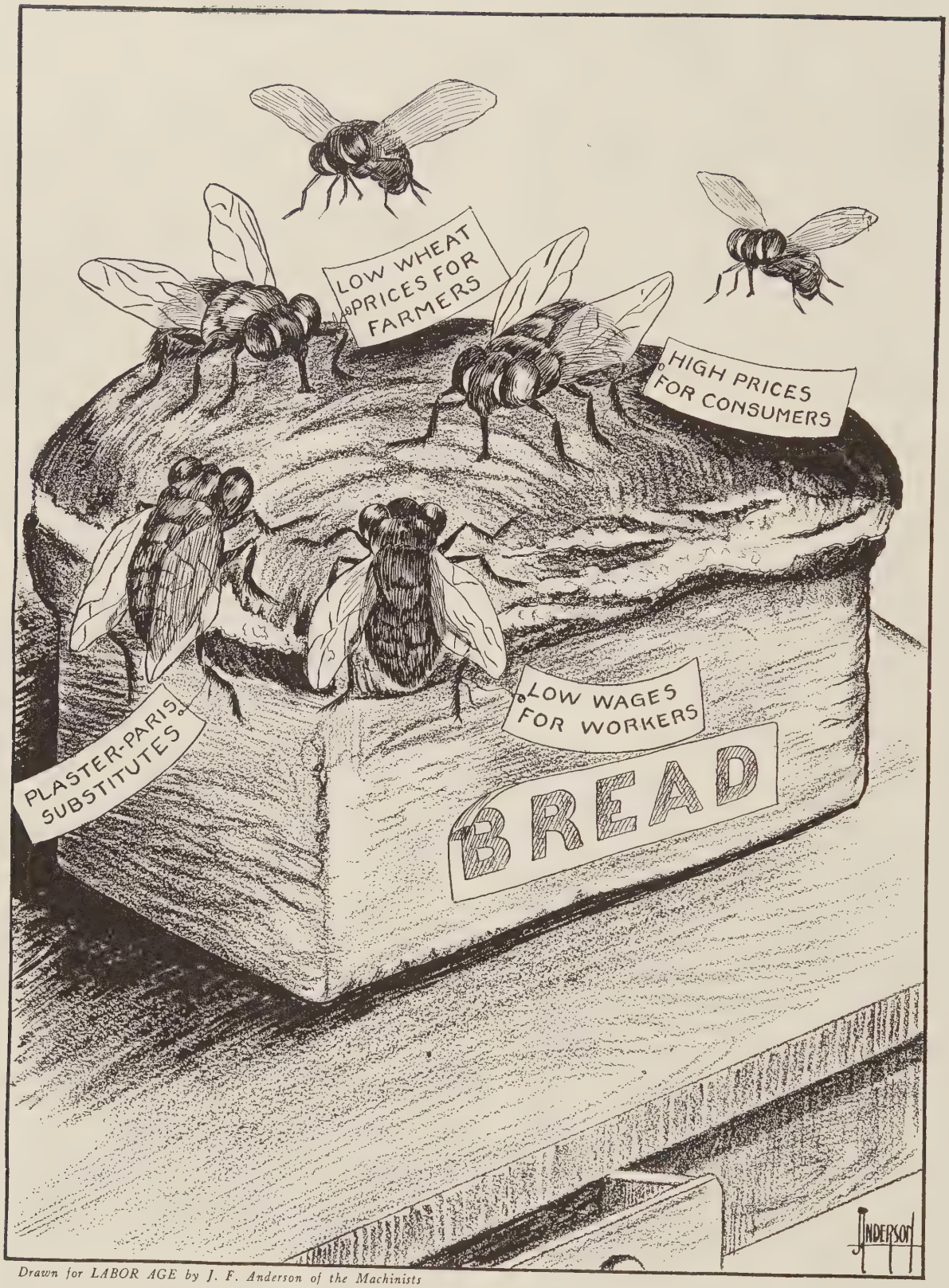
The employing interests have taken a cue from the soft-spoken gentry who have been serving them as social workers. Welfare establishments have blossomed like the rose in lo! a great number of plants. Funny little hocus-pocuses have been rigged up, to make the worker think he is running something—Houses and Senates in the factory, and other dumb play of that sort.

Modern psychology has been seized upon, to do its job for the Profit Maker. It is a powerful aid. We now know that man, worker or employer, is made up of a bundle of urges—of instincts that move him to do certain things under certain circumstances. The employer learned about this. He began to apply its rules to the handling of men. It just came in time for him. The extension of reading and writing had given the workers an insight into their position. They had realized how thoroughly they had been defrauded of security and of the tools with which they work. The employing interests were disturbed—and are disturbed—beyond measure, at this unseemly thought within the workers' minds. Up to a few years ago, they had forgotten that the workers had minds at all. They had been set down as so much "labor cost," along with the machines. With the aid of psychology, the employer began to read those minds, whose thoughts were breaking up his slumbers.

The hocus-pocus was the first thing hit upon. Then, came profit-sharing, bonus schemes, stock-ownership—anything to hypnotize the worker into imagining that he owned something. The General Electric Company has induced its employes to subscribe to 50,000 shares of stock in the three years from 1920 to 1922. Last year they went that one better. A special General Electric Employes Securities Corporation was formed, to get more and more of the employes and their money "in on" the corporation's plans. That is an example that speaks for itself.

Now, we suggest that the hour has arrived for the worker to do some slumming on his own account. The A. F. of L. looks forward to the time when the unions may take over this employes' stock—and get control of industry in that way. One good beginning will be made when the workers themselves know a bit about practical psychology. They must look into the mind of the employer—get a grasp of the motives back of his actions—and take the necessary steps to spike his plans to hold control of industry forever and beyond. They can also afford to study the psychology of the engineer—the trained employe of Big Business—who is being deprived of ownership and power as much as the manual worker is.

Both employer and engineer are moved by the same set of instincts as the worker—expressed in different ways. Let's let the light in on them. Workers' education, in beginning that job, is doing an immeasurable service for us all.



Drawn for LABOR AGE by J. F. Anderson of the Machinists

UNCLEAN

All Eyes on La Follette

From Labor-Employer Press

FROM SENATOR LA FOLLETTE

AT this particular hour, an appeal from the great Wisconsin leader should strike home to all of us. Such an appeal has come to our desk. No agency has been of greater help to La Follette in collecting the facts and figures about Monopoly and Profit Making than the Peoples Legislative Service. These facts and figures have been for the sole use of the militant farmers and workers of America. They have helped to show clearly just what the common enemy of the producers has been doing. La Follette's appeal is for financial help to the Legislative Service. Respond—until it hurts. We are sure you will.

PITY the poor "party in power."

Its title is a joke. It no longer has any power. It scarcely remains a party.

Rather does it resemble that queer animal brought lately to the New York zoo. The aard-vark or "earth pig" has come all the way from far-off Africa, to delight and instruct Gotham. He has the body of a pig, the eyes of a cat, the ears of a mule, teeth like a fish, the legs of a dog, a kangaroo's tale —besides a long, sticky tongue, which no other animal possesses.

So looks the earthy and piggy Republicanism of 1924. Here is a Daugherty, there a Lodge, yonder a Pepper—pulling and hauling for dear life, with agreement upon nothing. While the miserable little man in the White House hangs to the coat-tails of Andrew Mellon, and knows not what to do. Policy or program, there is none. Even St. Herbert has lost his halo in the Mellon-choly wreck. He has been caught giving away the Alaskan fisheries. His still more important connection with Julius Barnes of the United States Chamber of Commerce in the paper business has not yet come to light. Perhaps it will. No wonder Mr. Harding died! His "best minds" may have been intellectual giants. But they were all moral bankrupts.

"Keep Cool with Coolidge" is the slogan which the hard-pressed Old Guard invented to keep up their courage. It was a very unwise war-cry, a humorous paper wisely thinks. "The present Administration is really suffering from over-exposure." The draught will kill it in November. So says the labor press.

Edward Keating, Editor of LABOR, organ of the rail unions, gives us a pen picture of what the "coolness" of Coolidge looks like in real life. It appears in the LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN AND ENGINEMEN'S MAGAZINE. Listen:

"President Coolidge has done nothing to assist the men who are endeavoring to uncover the facts in connection with the Teapot Dome scandal.

"Such criticisms as he has uttered have been calculated to minimize the importance of the revelations."

Speaking plainly, Calvin has not helped the investigations. He has blocked them, as far as he dared. No wonder, Mr. Keating thinks, that Senator La Follette exclaims in the Senate debates:

"I say it with shame and mortification, but it is unfortunately true, that the political party of which I am a member, as represented by those in control of the machinery of the party, has played as sorry a part in this investigation as it did in the Ballinger investigation.

"I say to the leaders of the Republican party today that the result of the policy they are adopting will be just as fatal to the administration of President Coolidge as the policy in the Ballinger case was fatal to the administration of President Taft."

The handwriting is on the wall. Coolidge will go down into the depths, just as Taft was ship-wrecked. Who can point more properly to that sad end than Robert M. La Follette?

It remains for the MAGAZINE OF WALL STREET to tell all of us just who La Follette is and what are his principles. Testimony from that source, favorable to La Follette, is much the same as the testimony of a murderer in his own defence. It is most reluctant. Therefore, its admissions are most eloquent.

There is little hope for Big Business in what it says. There is much hope for the common people. "What would happen to Business if a La Follette candidate would become President?" it asks. And in reply it says, showing how "La Follette would jeopardize the established business system":

"Let it not be forgotten that La Follette is the 'master mind' behind the flood of congressional investigations that

have been and still are rapidly undermining public confidence in the old regime in every phase and form. This fact alone may be enough to make him tower head and shoulders above any presidential possibility now in the field.

"La Follette has been just the same kind of a radical for forty years that he is today, and his record proves that La Follette seeking a public office and La Follette filling one are identical. So, if the next Ides of March find La Follette or a La Follette man in the presidential chair, where there has not been a radical since Abraham Lincoln, unless Roosevelt be the exception—and La Follette says Taft was more of a progressive than Roosevelt—we may be prepared for the shock by examining La Follette's platform."

Then it proceeds to examine his Wisconsin platform. It finds therein nothing to bring cheer to Wall Street, or its Sinclairs and Dohenys. Only

Looky here, if you can't do anything but sit there, I'm going to quit sacrificing to you!
The OLD PARTIES
PARTY SLAVERY
POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY
regularity

Newark News

GETTING DISGRUNTLED

gloom is ahead for the whole Profit Making pirate crew—if La Follette is elected. In a fit of dejection, it concludes:

"It may be a fanatical obsession—this invincible belief of La Follette's, that the American people have lost their liberties and that they must be restored at any cost. But fanaticism has shaped the world in its greater epochs."

Ah, cruel are the wild waves of popular revolt. They spare not the mighty of yesteryear. They turn neither to the right nor left—when steered by men like La Follette.

Now, into this aching void of doubts and fears, has the leader from Wisconsin thrown another thunderbolt. It has left spoilsmen and Big Business quaking with fear. In a release that received first place in every newspaper of the land, La Follette has served notice that the old parties must purge themselves "of the evil influences which have long dominated them." Either that, or he will go forth to do battle with them both. It is the call to a new movement toward freedom. The events of 1856 to 1860 are repeating themselves, on another stage. The negro slave is free, at least in name. But the farmers and workers of every color must now strike the shackles from themselves. That is the call of La Follette in 1924.

With equal clearness does he divorce himself and his followers from all connection with the Communists. He quotes the Workers' Party's own statements to show that they are seeking merely to create a left wing movement within the Farmer-Labor forces. Later, they will use this "wing" to disrupt the movement—going on to Soviet victory. On that point he says in part:

"I do not question their right, under the Constitution, to submit their issues to the people, but I most emphatically protest against their being admitted into the councils of any body of progressive voters. The Communists stand for the substitution of the Soviet form of government for the one we now have and propose to accomplish this change through a revolution, with a class dictatorship as their ultimate aim instead of a democracy. To pretend that the Communists can work with the progressives who believe in democracy is deliberately to deceive the public. The Communists are antagonistic to the Progressive cause and their only purpose in joining such a movement is to disrupt it.

"Not only are the Communists the mortal enemies of the progressive movement and democratic ideals, but, under the cloak of such extremists, the reactionary interests find the best opportunity to plant their spies and provocatory agents for the purpose of confusing and destroying true progressive movements."

If the Wall Street interests or any other interests had any doubt as to what Senator La Follette's candidacy means, the Senator himself removed that this last year. In a series of studies, sent to the labor press through the People's Legislative Service, he showed the grip of Monopoly on present-day America. This is the enemy of the American people, which must be uprooted.

Take lumber, for example. He calls it a hydra-headed monster. The body of the trust is known as the National Lumber Manufacturers Association. The tentacles are known as regional associations, of which there are 11 in all. They control all the sources of supply. The ownership of practically all standing timber gives them a grip that it will take a big fight to break.

That affects the cost of housing for each one of us. As usual, the railroads are interlocked with the lumber interests. Two of the three largest owners of standing timber in the country are railroads—the Southern Pacific and the Northern Pacific. This big combine was not built up, Senator La Follette says, by superior brain power or foresight. It was brought about through bribery and theft. It also grew fat through control of the government. During the war it robbed the government of millions of

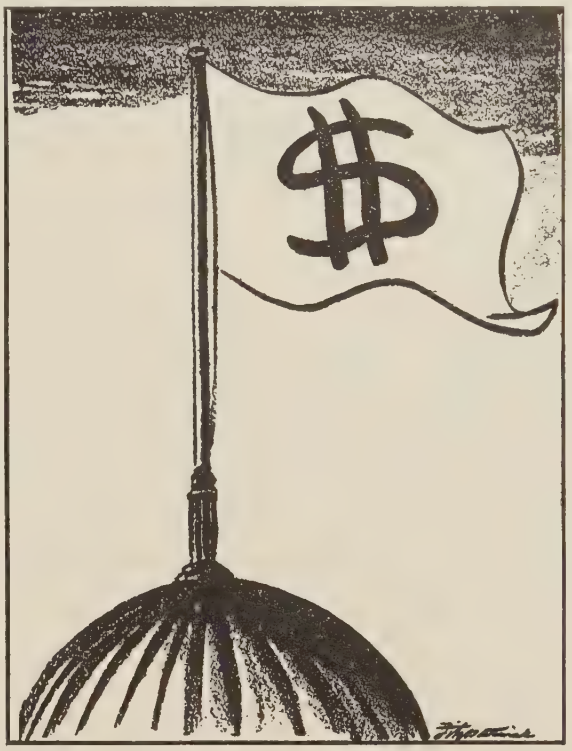
dollars in taxes. It also raised the price of lumber at a time when the country was crying for low prices. It defrauded the workers of their wages.

Nothing other than this could be expected, "Fighting Bob" shows in La Follette's Magazine. The White House, he says, "is a refuge of private monopoly."

Calvin has made as great an effort as possible to confirm La Follette's charges. We will only point now to Muscle Shoals. Norman Thomas, in the League for Industrial Democracy Press Service, has asked the question: "Did Ford swap the Presidency for Muscle Shoals?" The answer is, emphatically: "He did." It was an attempted steal as injurious to the public interest as the Fall-Sinclair-Doheny robberies. We have Senator Norris and the Public Ownership League to thank that it did not take place. Or, at least, it appears as though it will not take place. The Norris report in favor of public ownership of this great water power site has received the endorsement even of the old line Senators. They dare not do otherwise. But Coolidge would have done so. His mind is on the same level as that of his secretary, Slemp. It is a crooked political mind—only able to think in terms of Southern delegates and Ford deals.

Happily, the workers are awakening to what our water power means to us. The miners are jumping into the fray. President Brophy of District 2 introduced a resolution at the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor—which was passed—in favor of publicly-owned water power. He pointed out that the big interests are planning to rob us of this power. They want to put us in the same fix as we are with coal and the railroads. Nationalization of water power will aid nationalization of coal, he says. The two are closely linked.

President Farrington of District 12—the big Illinois district—also has a thought on the same subject. The Illinois Miner reports his suggestion that coal be stabilized by the extension of Giant Power. This means the use of both coal and water in the production of electricity "and its transmission over high-tension lines." Farrington's plan, it is true, contemplates the ownership of the plants by the workers—the mines remaining in the hands of the private owners—at least, at present. His official organ warns that the scheme will not be gone into blindly. It will be checked over by competent engineers. It will be worked out on a careful basis. But several labor papers have expressed the view that it will have to be changed considerably—to work out well. Otherwise, the union will be tied too closely to



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE—"

the employing interests.

Meanwhile, all eyes are not only on La Follette. They are also on the Cleveland meeting of the C. P. P. A. July 4th, as is well known, is the date. Within the ranks of the Conference there still linger some followers of McAdoo. His work for the rail unions during the war has not yet been forgotten. The National Agreements were almost a "revolution" in the railroad industry—and he greatly aided in having them put through. But oil has smeared him hopelessly, it is generally felt. There seems to be no chance at all that he will win at New York in June.

The Upholsterers Journal, organ of the International Upholsterers Union, contends that McAdoo aids the Third Party or Third Ticket movement. Of him it says:

"William G. McAdoo had been posing as a died-in-the-wool progressive and gathered considerable labor support, particularly among the railroad unions in furtherance of his political ambition when unfortunately for him during the course of the oil scandal inquiry, his connections with Doheny were exposed. It develops now that this would-be saviour of the masses has collected $150,000 and had a promise of $900,000 more from Doheny.

"McAdoo and his son also were personal attorneys for Edward B. McLean, the Washington publisher who was the connecting link between the Oil Ring and Secretary Fall."

Triumph of the A. C.W. of A.

A Stirring Chapter in American Unionism

By CHARLES ERVIN

(This is a supplementary article, to the one printed last month on the men's clothing industry.)

OUT of the garment situation, by the logic of events, arose the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

Legislative machinery was set up in the great Chicago shop in which both the workers and the employers were represented. The arbitrary rule of the employers and their subordinates over the workers began to disappear. The chosen spokesmen of the workers were protected from being penalized for their activity in furthering the interests of their fellows. A group of workers gained invaluable experience in handling the affairs of the union under this agreement and when the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America was formed, many of them became active officials.

The Amalgamated Arises

Strikes in the various markets between 1910 and 1913, and the lack of support which they received from the national officers, determined the tailors to try and reorganize the national union in order to make it more responsible to the needs of the majority of the members. A conference was created for this purpose in New York. When the Nashville Convention met in 1914, a large body of delegates appeared there determined to make radical changes in the administration of the affairs of the organization.

The national officers in control of the Convention refused to seat most of the delegates and these representatives of 70 per cent. of the members retired and organized a convention, electing new general officers. The American Federation of Labor, with whom the United Garment Workers of America were affiliated, refused to recognize the new administration. In December, 1914, this majority formed the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Sidney Hillman, who had been the chief representative of the workers in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx establishment, was elected General President. Joseph Schlossberg, who had been the secretary of the Brotherhood of Tailors, was elected General Secretary of the new organization.

The ten years career of the Amalgamated can be divided into two periods. Six years of constant struggle to better the working conditions and wages of those in the trade and four years of just as constant struggle to retain the advantages gained. Many of the manufacturers, taking advantage of the reaction from the boom times, sought to drive the workers back to the conditions existing prior to 1915.

In the early days of the new organization, strikes were sometimes won and sometimes lost. Always, moreover, the number of workers in the organization increased. Seeing this the employers began to give in just a little, hoping to stop this growth. But these tactics did not bring about the result they desired. Ceaselessly agitating for a shorter work day and a nearer approach to a living wage, the union grew in numbers and power. The more intelligent employers came to realize that the "Amalgamated spirit" was a force that must be definitely reckoned with if they were to conduct their business efficiently.

Down came the hours and up went the wages. The arbitrary power of the employers was constantly curtailed. There was an approach toward justice in the treatment of the workers. The time went by when a worker could be shown the door and deprived of his opportunity to work for a living by the owner of the shop. And these changes came just in proportion as the organization of the workers grew in numbers.

Semi-Civilized by Unionism

The treatment of the workers in some markets was better than in others. This treatment was not conditioned either, by the fact that some employers were inclined to be more just than others. There were a few exceptions, but they were very few. The dominating influence in the attitude of the employers was the strength of the union. Where it was strong there were found the best conditions and where it was weak there were found the worst. The clothing industry has been semi-civilized by the organized power of the workers. It will be entirely civilized when this power becomes 100 per cent. efficient.

When the 1920 Convention of the Amalgamated was held it was a triumphant organization that celebrated the results of five years of intensive struggle. The 44-hour week was an established fact in the industry. The conditions in the shops and the wages of the workers were in sharp contrast to the many lean years through which the workers had

THE AMALGAMATED ALMANAC

PUBLICITY has always been a strong suit of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

In its calendar year, the union kept up its reputation in turning out beautiful pieces of publicity work. In its Almanac, it has outdone itself.

From cover to cover this is true—so far as technical make-up goes. It uses, we are pleased to state, the general make-up of Labor Age*—in type, headlines, subheadings and the three-line initial. It is replete with pictures and cartoons, telling the story of the struggle for Freedom down through the ages.*

In contents, it is divided into nine parts, covering 160 pages. These parts review the past year, the career of the A. C. W. itself, the Highway of Human Living, the Characters in the Human Drama, the United States, Cornerstones of American Living, Makers of America, the American Labor Movement, and a final division in a lighter vein. Within its few pages there pass in review the struggles of Mankind upward—and how we have come out of it all today to the issue of Capital versus Labor.

"The stairway of time is ever echoing with the wooden shoe going up, the polished boot descending." That is its preface—a cry which rings throughout its pages. Of 1924, and after, it says: "One, and only one issue looms big in this after war world, that is the issue of labor versus capital, laborism as the relief from capitalism."

The Almanac is an education in itself, and a tribute to Labor's ability to express its hopes and aspirations in an inspiring way.

battled toward a better day. But as a result of the so-called period of "deflation" new battles were to be bitterly fought and the attempt of the employers to destroy the union was to be met and defeated.

The attempt to destroy the union was nationwide. The fight however, settled in New York. There a lockout was instituted by the employers lasting 28 weeks and affecting 50,000 workers. This lockout cost the union $2,000,000 and this amount was supplied almost entirely by the members of the Amalgamated throughout the United States. Chicago alone sent $600,000 to help the New York members in their struggle. Never before in the labor history of any country has any union performed a similar feat. The Amalgamated members showed the same spirit in helping themselves as they did when they sent $100,000 to help the steel strike which was conducted by the American Federation of Labor. It will be remembered that this amount was almost half of the entire sum raised among the organized workers in the country for the steel strikers.

In spite of the tremendous struggle of the next three years to maintain the gains it had made for the clothing workers, the Amalgamated continued its constructive work in new fields of endeavor. Two Labor banks were founded, the first one in Chicago and the second in New York, with resources at this writing of nearly $6,000,000. The Russian American Industrial Corporation was formed to help in a practical manner the development of the clothing industry of Russia. It has proved of great service to the Russian people.

The year 1924 has seen the completion of the first step in the institution of an Unemployment Fund by the Amalgamated. Chicago was chosen as the first market in which to establish such a fund. As a result of an agreement entered into with the employers there last year, $1,000,000 will be available for this purpose on May 1st. The workers have paid in 1½ per cent. of their wages to this fund and the employers the same percentage of their total payroll. Preparations are now being made to establish similar funds in other markets through an agreement with the employers.

The organized workers have put some soul into the clothing industry. They have had a long weary way to come and they have not yet achieved all that they started out to accomplish. They have new problems to face, but their achievements in the last ten years are an assurance that the days of the sweat shops of old will never be permitted to return. They also make certain that present conditions will be further improved through the intelligent use of the organized power that has brought them thus far on the road toward a truly civilized industry.

Snapshots of Southern Europe

In the Lands Where "Dictators" Flourish

By PRINCE HOPKINS

WE left Cannes on Tuesday morning, April 9th. By that night, I had reached Rapallo, visiting an interesting boys' school. Wednesday afternoon I went on to Florence, which I reached about midnight.

After being turned away from 8 hotels, I took a cab to Fiesole, on the heights overlooking Florence. There I stayed a couple of nights with Odon Por.

Of course, I expected to "have it out" with Odon on the subject of the Fascisti. But he says he is not for them at all. Never has been! His attitude is simply that he doesn't believe them so incapable of becoming liberalized as people outside Italy think. The unreadiness of either communists or socialists to control the situation of chaos two years ago was so great that it was either Fascism or a general disorder, violence, and breaking up of everything.

The other parties had, he said, months of opportunity to show what they could do. But through internal dissensions and lack of capable men, they simply stood by, quarreling among themselves. They're in the same condition still.

By the way—on the train going to Florence, I had a compartment with two men who could speak English. I asked them what they thought about the political situation.

They at once lowered their voices. As an Italian teacher in the Rappalo boys' school had told me, Fascisti are everywhere, and to be heard speaking against them is to invite a broken head. In Italy one is perhaps less apt than in America to be officially arrested for openly expressing unwelcome opinions. But one is even more sure of being manhandled by a gang belonging to the National Party.

On leaving Cannes, I had bought a copy of the Paris edition of an American paper, and read therein that in the elections the Fascisti were sweeping all before them. At Rapallo I learned that in the industrial districts they had been actually snowed under by the Socialists.

Strong Arm Methods

One of my train companions told me of a friend of his in Carrara, where they all worked in the marble quarries. Knowing that the "secret ballot" is a farce in Italy, he dared not vote against the Fascisti. Likewise, he refused to vote for them. So he merely signed the paper and handed it in without a vote for any candidate. Immediately afterward, a group of Fascists brought him the paper, saying:

"Is this yours?"

"Yes."

"Why did you hand it in this way?"

"Oh, I must have forgotten to mark it!"

Then they made him mark the names of the Fascist candidates and hand it in again!

This man said that it was only by such terrorizing of voters that the Fascisti maintained a show of popular consent to their trade.

Odon Por admitted these facts. He said 5,000,000 electors failed to vote at this election. Of these, certainly, we may consider that more than 2,000,000 would have gone against Fascism—and so have more than turned the scales—had they dared.

Everywhere in Italy I saw the walls plastered with bills advertising the National Party. In the railroad stations they were especially conspicuous. The fact that I almost never saw a poster of the Catholic Party and more rarely still one of the Socialists, speaks for itself regarding the fairness of the elections.

My train companions said there was no hope of any remedy from these conditions for several years to come. The only way was to give the Fascisti enough rope to hang themselves. Resentment against their tyranny was increasing all the time, and eventually must boil over.

Odon admits the methods used, but says the same methods are used in *all* Italian elections, and by every party which has the power. He admits also the continued instances of mob violence by Fascisti. But he thinks they will disappear. Even now they are, at any rate, "not *quite* so frequent." How much Mussolini really wants to stop them he wasn't sure, though he believes the Premier does try to. He thinks Mussolini still retains some socialistic notions from the old days. At any rate "he is sincere in trying to hold the government superior to all factions, whether labor or capital." Above all, he feels that the sheer pressure from within Mussolini's own ranks is forcing him forward. "The syndicalist activities of two years ago are now going forward right within the Fascist regime itself."

In support of this, Por told me how, a few days ago, the estates of a Prince somebody, who neglected to cultivate them, were taken over by peasants and the owner expropriated.

I have before me now a clipping from an Italian paper dated March 21, 1924. It reads, as well as I can translate it: "Chioggia, Mar. 25, night. We have heard from Roselina that the works of some

gentlemen of Chioggia have been occupied by workers, led by Fascisti. This . . . because the proprietors refused to give employment to the workless, and would not tolerate the ingerenza (management) of the Fascist union. The proprietors in the last days had consented to employ a certain number of workless, but the Fascisti decided to occupy the works in order to look after the welfare of the remainder."

A Visit to Herron

Late Friday afternoon Odon took me to the Villa of Geo. D. Herron, for a short talk with him. You may know his history. He was one of the earliest Christian socialists in the United States. As such, he was much hounded by the press. They saw their especial opportunity when he divorced his first wife, and married a very rich woman.

During the war he so far "flopped" as to be with the Government. Wilson installed him at Geneva as a sort of confidential advisor and person to approach representatives, making them promises if they would go against Germany.

But when the peace came, Wilson went back on these promises. He gave an ear to Col. House, and left Herron to get out of the muddle as best he might. He was terribly disappointed and disillusioned. The house he had bought in Geneva remained the rendezvous of diplomats from everywhere. These now had so many questions and reproaches, that Herron couldn't stand it, and has retired to this villa in Fiesole.

His health seems quite broken. His wife died and he married a Swiss lady, who was long his secretary. It's rather pathetic. She is good to him and his sons, and they say studies hard to fit into the place of the late departed.

We came next day to lunch with the Herrons. I asked him about the Fascisti. He said "certainly not ideal, but probably the best which could have come out of the situation of two years ago, because no one else showed any ability to handle it."

Odon gave me a letter of introduction to the secretary of the co-operative about which he wrote an article for Labor Age—the headquarters of the organization which goes into every kind of building, work houses, bridges, etc. I went out to see it. I won't describe it, since that has been done—further than to say that whereas when he wrote it was under Socialist control, it's now under joint Socialist and Fascist management. Unofficially, of course—there's no open connection with either. The president is a Fascist, and the vice-president, a Socialist. Through them, the central Fascist and Socialist bodies control the organization.

I had no time to look up anything else, as I had much ado about getting my passports vise-ed for Hungary. I got to Vienna Sunday morning, April 14th, and left right after luncheon.

On the train my companions were a Professor of Obstetrics of the University of Budapest, and his family. Rather florid and hectic person, full of ire against the late communist regime, which had made everybody poor. "You couldn't call it a revolution, because it had been carried out by a minority against the majority. All the leaders were Jews, all the followers were credulous peasants."

"France"—and Oranges

And this and all other woes of his country were due to France. But wait—in a few years England would be at war with France. Then we should see France get what was coming to her. For against her would array themselves the three greatest nationals in Europe—England, Germany (who can never be downed) and Hungary.

We were now following along the bank of the Danube. "Across there is baggage for you!" he exclaimed, "The Czecho-Slovaks!" Later, however, he explained that it was only the Czech politicians who were a corrupt and villainous crew. The Czecho-Slovak people, like the Austrians, the Jugo-Slavs, and the Bulgarians, were only a good lot. The Jugo-Slavs were a bit wild. The Bulgarians were most civilized and intelligent.

It was the Rumanians who are the scum of the earth. Among the tales he told of them was having a Rumanian general quartered in his house, to whom he had to pay a thousand crowns every day, so he wouldn't steal his automobile! "And he a general, mind you!" "Offer any bribe to even an ordinary policeman in Hungary, and see where you get to!"

About this time the customs inspector was coming through the train, so my friend asked me if I had any oranges in my pocket. "No." "Well, if you don't mind, I'm going to tell the inspector, if he asks me, that two of these oranges are yours. No person is allowed by law to bring more than two oranges into Hungary. They're considered unnecessary luxuries."

So soon as the inspection was over, the whole family began emptying oranges from bags and pockets where they were hidden, into their suitcases!

Odon Por came originally from Hungary. When I showed him and his sister-in-law the program of the British Sociological Society, with its official visits in Budapest and its receptions, etc., they threw up their hands in horror. "You will learn absolutely nothing about Hungary!" they cried. "We must give you introductions, so you'll hear the other side!"

Dining over "Hungary"

Accordingly to-night Por's brother-in-law, a sculptor named Vedres, dined with me here.

Vedres met me the other evening and took me to the club which is the head of the Kossuth Party, the opposition to the present government. Among those present were Messrs. Ruppert, Horath, and V. Nagy, members of Parliament; Prof. Vambery, son of the famous A. Vambery, Paul de Aver, member of the American Society of International Law and Count Batthyanyi, former prime minister, an impressive figure with long white beard.

The present Coalition Government was described, I have no doubt correctly, as a military dictatorship under a veil of parliamentarism. There was provision made for secret ballot, but this was recently abolished except in the large cities. During the last election the coalition did not even dare to put up candidates in sections of Budapest. The city returns were sweepingly Socialistic. But these were practically the only socialists who were allowed to get in. Essentially all the opposition M. P.'s came from those cities in which secret ballot wasn't interfered with. In the country, open voting made possible the complete supervision and dictating of the election in favor of the government.

Whereas in England last year the expenses on army and navy amounted to one-seventh of the total budget, here in Hungary they amounted to one-fifth. This, although by the treaty military conscription was nominally abolished. Actually, it still exists. At time for military service, the young men are summoned. They're then given very plainly to understand that things will be uncomfortable for them unless they enlist.

Hungary before the war was the governing center for 20 million people, of whom 12 million were comprised in Hungary proper. She has now been bereft of all but 7 or 8 million. Yet the size of her bureaucracy is practically undiminished!

The taxes used to be raised in approximately the ratio of 100 on land to 67 on buildings. Now the ratio has been roughly reversed. Also the ratio of indirect taxes has been raised until they're about half a dozen times the amount from direct taxation. Needless to say, the backers of this government are the old aristocracy and big landholders.

FRANCE LAUGHS AT POINCARE

FRANCE could laugh at itself in the last election. It could laugh at M. Poincare, its "man of iron." That was a good sign. It foreshadowed his defeat.

The cartoon shown here is one of a series appearing in French liberal papers, deriding the Ruhr policy of the champion of Militarism. Its title explains itself: "The Efforts of the Government; or the Solution of All Our Problems." For all the ills of France, the occupation of the Ruhr was set down by Poincare as the end-all and be-all. Cost what it might, it was the way that France would pull herself up by her bootstraps.

The French workers joined the peasants of the South in cancelling this policy. Clare Sheridan in the London Observer *gives an account of the reception which M. Tardieu, speaking for Poincare, received from the workers as he made his rounds in the campaign.*

In his speeches he would cry: "Is not Germany responsible for the War?" To which would come a thunder of derisive "No's." Then, astounded, he would continue: "But is France at all to blame?" And the answer would echo: "Yes." It was almost too much for Poincare's friend. When the votes had been counted, it was proven to be too much in reality.

This change in French sentiment is the direct rebound from the Ruhr invasion. The experiment was too costly. The French workers do not want the menace of war. They want peace. The new Government promised them that—and it also only promised a few steps along the way. It will not introduce a millenium! But France laughed. And that's something.

Labor History in the Making

In the U. S. A.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ, in Co-operation with the Board of Editors

A CALL TO ACTION

CHILD labor must be wiped out forever. The chance is now here. The last Congress passed the amendment to the Constitution, which will make for the ending of this curse. It is now up to us. The states must O. K. the amendment, in order that it may be effective. Watch the next session of your State Legislature, and use your influence with your local legislators, to see that your state acts promptly and favorably. We will be glad to give you information as to when your State Legislature meets, and how to proceed to get action. Don't fail in this crisis!

SOMEONE, somewhere, sometime wrote something like this of the hippopotamus:

"His strength is immense. But so is his stupidity. If met in a narrow pathway, he is a fatal enemy. There is but little hope for his opponent. He merely tramples the poor mite to death, and tears it to pieces. But in the open spaces, the case is entirely different. The opponent can merely step aside, and the hippo will go charging along—too stupid to turn to the right or left. Then, can the quicker opponent jump into the fray and make the best of it."

What a delightful picture is this of our Employing Class. Boobocracy rules the land. "From the far slopes of the Pacific to the beautiful Atlantic"—as the campaign orators are about to say—we are compelled to worship the Great Calf Mind, the mind of the Middle Class. It thinks only in terms of the counting house. In order to put itself far away from money bankruptcy, it has become afflicted with mental bankruptcy. If you don't agree with it, like the hippo it tramples you to death—through the K. K. K., the Chamber of Commerce, the local banks, some branches of the Legion and other bodies, to whom thinking is treason.

Every active labor man knows this. He has felt the heavy paw of the Middle Class Hippo. But for further proof, if he wanted any, he could turn to THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVES, by John Ruskin—the great master of English letters. There would he see a sketch of the same mind at work in Great Britain many years ago.

Stupid power is always afraid. So are the Employing Interests. A. Mitchell Palmers, Henry Daughertys and William J. Burnses keep them in a constant state of terror. They surround themselves with a great army of spies—supposed to watch the workers, but feeding as much on employers and their sickening fears.

In the metal trades, above all, the labor spies swarm. They do the Judas-work that keeps these trades in the hands of the workers' enemies. Recently we secured a number of letters written by metal trades workers, applying for positions as spies to detective agencies. They show what is going on, under the surface, in the Czar's new domain, American Industry.

One of them, written on the stationery of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., is the product of a certain C. P. Martin. He is an expert, apparently, at the labor spying game. Though, if he were not, a night or two spent in the stinking dormitory of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. might make a worker do almost anything! (We know, for we have spent such a night of horrors there.)

"Mr." Martin's letter, spelling and all, is as follows:

THE Y. M. C. A. OF PHILADELPHIA
CENTRAL BUILDING 1421 ARCH STREET
Correspondence Tables.

Dear Sir:

In response to you're Adv. in this morning Paper for Machinist. I am offering you my Service.

I have had 17 years Exp. at the Trade and competent on all various machine Tools and Bench Work. For nearly nine years I have worked under the most peculiar circumstance wich requierd most careful attention in Secret and special investigation, such as is usual requierd by the National Metal Trades Ass. or the Pincerton Co. I have been with the former for several Years, and on several jobs for the Pinkerton Co. including two R.R. Co.

Most of my work requierd me to to work in Card Shops and so far have been able to maintain my Card for many years. As my Exp. in this Line together with my Exp in the Shop I am sure that I can not only give satisfactory service at the Trade but also give the information you desire in a competent manner. My reccord with the N. M. Trd. Asso. is Excellent, my card is in good standing and if you wish any further details I would be glad to hear from you towards an interview. as I am working now, Should you consider my Service I would be glad to hear from you in the near future.

Respectfully, C. P. MARTIN.

C. P. Martin,
Gen. Deliv.
Philadelphia, Penn.

This is one sample of the labor spy at work—or rather, beginning to work. Note that his "reccord with the N. M. Trd. Assoc. (the National Metal Trades Association) is Excellent." He has long been in the game of betraying his brother-workers.

These spies must be driven out of Industry. They must be brought out into the light. As with maggots and other creatures which grow on decay, the sunlight will destroy them. Senator B. K. Wheeler, the fighting Senator from Montana, has introduced a resolution in Congress paving the way for such action.

THE MINERS' TRIBUTE

Monument to John Mitchell, deceased President of the United Mine Workers, dedicated at Scranton. Pa., on May 30th. Thousands of miners came into Scranton on that day to pay tribute to their dead chieftain.

DOLLARS-AND-CENTS VALUE

HEYWOOD BROUN, the critic, in a recent issue of the NEW YORK WORLD, has rescued us all from the wiles of Elinor Glyn. An enterprising publishing house has issued a "scientific" booklet by the author of "Three Weeks," purporting to make known all that's knowable about the art of making love.

To this Broun strenuously and successfully objects. No one can know anything definite about love, he claims, and perhaps it is just as well.

Of education much the same can be said. Straightlaced "education" soon turns into propaganda. The great indictment against our present Prussian system of child education is that it lays down a fixed rule for all to follow. There can be no modification of this system to fit the individual. Out of it comes, inevitably, the injury of every individual.

That rule works for workers' education as well as for any other kind. But in workers' education—devoted as it is to the interests of a specific, fighting group—a few, well-defined objects must be kept in view. Brother Muste brings that out clearly in our last issue. It is not "culture" that the workers chiefly need. It is a knowledge of their position as a social group and the ways to make themselves effective as a unit that is the first necessity with them. *Our energies must be put primarily into practical education for group action.*

Brother Mufson of Cincinnati, himself a graduate of Brookwood, throws an interesting light on his experiences in the Middle West. He grants that these thoughts must be foremost in the workers' educational movement. But they can be applied, in many centers, only in a roundabout way. The question: "What do I individually get out of it?" is the question that must be answered in the early stages of the movement. The answer will require a course of studies largely academic, to give the individual what he wants.

Brother Mufson is on the ground and sees the situation at first hand. But we cannot escape the thought that perhaps the trouble in Cincinnati is not with the workers. Rather is it probably in the lack of adequate teachers, to lead the group in discussion of their economic and psychological problems. This is a problem, not only in Cincinnati, but everywhere. Men and women able to teach must be drafted largely from academic circles. These men and women give themselves generously and zealously to this work. But they are, after all, in the main removed from the Labor Movement and its struggles. No full solution to the problem can come until Brookwood has turned out enough workers as class leaders to meet the needs of the growing but financially-weak workers' educational efforts. Or, enough teachers who have acquired a practical knowledge of the "ins and outs" of the organized workers.

In Philadelphia the question "What do I get out of it?" has been answered, in part, by showing that the individual worker benefits from group knowledge and group advancement. The textile workers, in particular, have successfully carried on classes in shop economics. Dollars-and-cents value has already been

reaped from these classes. The Upholstery Weavers Union, Local 25 of the U. T. W., has secured a uniform and simplified set of shop rules—out of these classes—to which the employers have agreed. Wage advancements have also grown out of the better knowledge of the workings of the industry.

Here is a real selling point for practical workers' education. It says to the worker: "You will gain concrete betterment for yourself and your fellows out of this information. It will give you improved hours and wages, and a better chance for a voice in the industry." In doing that, it welds him closer to his fellows. It makes him loyal to the union and the working class movement as a whole.

Other needle trade unions have also tackled the unemployment question successfully. As successfully, that is, as it can be met under the present system. They have thus hit the chief concern of the wage-earner. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers have established their unemployment insurance scheme in Chicago, covering thousands of workers. The Cloth Hat and Cap Makers have begun an even more ambitious effort, so far as demands go, in St. Paul and other centers. The Fur Workers are doing likewise.

Pioneers in the war on out-of-work, pioneers in workers' education, pioneers in organized disease prevention, pioneers in the job of controlling and molding the industries in which they work—the Needle Trades, have a record of achievement that will inspire the whole movement of which they are a part. The American Labor Movement surely hails them in their tasks, and wishes them power "and more of it" as the years go by.

A TRADE UNION VACATION

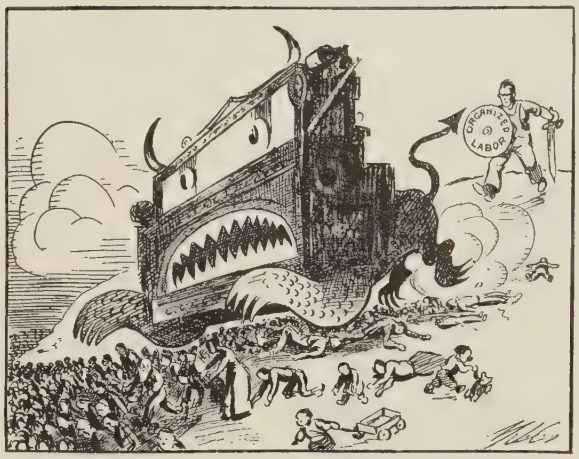
IT is a little after six in the morning.

You are awakened by the chirping of birds and the sunlight and soft breeze coming through your open window. In a short time you know a telephone bell will ring three times, then a little later two times, and finally one time—when you will hurry off to breakfast.

But it is good to lie there in the morning sunshine, dreaming. And it is good to know that you will go out into the open, when you do arise, and not into a stuffy, drumming city. You will go to join companions, thinking as you do, seeking the same things you seek, fellow-workers as yourself.

"Tammany Hall" is your place of rest. Not the dingy building on 14th Street in Manhattan, where the national destinies of the Democratic Party are now being discussed. But a wooden sleeping house, hidden by the trees—at Brookwood. Twice forty-five minutes from Broadway, you might be (so far as quietude goes) a thousand miles from a city. Not even the murmur of motor cars from the highway disturb you.

On May 30th the regular school season of Brookwood came to an end. But a summer session is to follow close upon its heels. Two weeks of real trade union vacation awaits the labor leaders and other labor men and women who will attend this session. It is to be in the nature of discussions. Company unions, labor banks, the labor press, how to raise wages, business cycles, scientific management, are some of the things to be taken up.



New Textile Worker

BATTLING THE MACHINE

To mention "Brookwood" is enough. Its 52 acres of beautiful woodland and hills in lovely Westchester County—in the land of Cooper's "Spy"—makes it an ideal retreat. To be able to meet fellow trade unionists and talk about the things that confront the Movement, under such circumstances, is the chance of a life-time.

The cost of the two weeks there is reasonable. For board, room and tuition the royal sum of only $40 is required—or at the rate of $20 per week. "Less," as the Brookwooders say, "for a good vacation than you often pay for a poor one." That Labor is able to produce such a summer course, at such a place, is a sign of the growing constructive ability of the Movement.

Put down the date—July 7th to 20th. The place—Brookwood, Katonah, New York. If you want to have a jolly and profitable time, write to the Secretary of the Summer School at once. There is only room for a limited number. You cannot afford to miss a Vacation, which is also an Education.

BRAVO!—FOR THE FRANKLIN

IN the days of old, as we've been told, the Vikings swept the Northern seas.

Many a year has passed since those sea rovers first appeared. Their Scandinavian children—the Swedes and Norwegians and Danes—no longer strike terror into the hearts of Britishers or Frenchmen. They set an example of peace to the rest of Europe. They are leaders in social thought and in the practice of "good will toward men."

So is it, also, in America. Out of Scandinavian

America, in Minnesota and the other Northwestern States, has come the Farmer-Labor Movement. Out of it have come the most successful co-operatives. And above all, the Franklin Co-operative Creamery.

Words sometimes do fail to tell a story. They cannot contain the throb of a great effort. They cannot set down the pain and energy that that effort costs. They cannot tell of the step by step, out of little things into Success and Victory. Therefore, they will never give the full account of the Franklin.

Union teamsters, attention! The Franklin has a message of encouragement to you. It was built by union teamsters. It is controlled by them. It is 100 per cent union—a child that grew out of the "Open Shop Campaign."

In 1919 it was nothing. To-day it is everything, almost—so far as Minneapolis milk business is concerned. Its Year Book for 1923 reported a business of over $3,000,000 per year. It owns two large and complete plants, among the finest in the world. Its equipment is of the most modern—from the laboratory where the milk tests are made, to the glass-lined tanks for receiving the milk, and the glass-lined trucks for hauling it. *The net profits for 1923 were $180,000!*

The Franklin has "revolutionized" the milk business in Minnesota's largest city. It has brought pure milk, high wages, union conditions, low prices. What more could you ask? The farmer has also been given a more than liberal price for raw milk. The result is stated in the Year Book: "Minneapolis stands in a class by itself in regard to milk prices and milk quality. That is why people here are using milk freely, more freely than in most cities. They know they can use it freely because it is pure and the price is so reasonable that there is no excuse for not using it freely. And that is as it should be in one of the greatest dairy sections of our country."

In its prosperity the Franklin has not forgotten the value of education. Each year it sets aside a sum of money, out of its profits, for education in co-operation. In its new plant on the North Side, it has also provided for recreation. A fine auditorium is a feature of the plant. A Franklin Glee Club and a Franklin Co-operative Band have sprung up, and are part of the Co-operative's organization.

The Year Book reminds us that Service is the religion of the men running the creamery. A bottle of Franklin milk, it says, is "a message from the people to the people." It is "a message of fair wages and decent working conditions—a message of Industrial Peace."

May we all join in the greetings to this great enterprise: "Long live Co-operation! Long live the Franklin and the message it is carrying unto the common people."

IN EUROPE

"LEFTS" THAT ARE "RIGHTS"

TRISTRAM SHANDY was one of the "funny men" of the England of 150 years ago.

"I wish," he states at the beginning of his LIFE AND OPINIONS "either my father or mother, or indeed both of them . . . had minded what they were about when they begot me." If they had, he would have been an entirely different person.

Perhaps "Father" Poincare has some such thoughts about his child—the Ruhr policy. Had he thought more of it at the time he begot it, he might not have run afoul of the French taxpayer. The Ruhr occupation boosted the taxes. The restless South revolted. Poincare bit the dust.

The French cock had other things to drive it to the left. The chief of these is Premier MacDonald, working for European peace across the channel. "Labor has come to stay in British politics," wrote Wickham Steed, former editor of the LONDON TIMES, last January. It looks now as though it had come to stay in European politics as well.

Patience was MacDonald's weapon. He held out the olive branch to Poincare. He said frankly that England and France had different points of view. But these could be reconciled. Had he thrown bricks at the former French premier, he might have stiffened the back of French nationalism. The French saw they must have a man at the helm who could

New York World

TAKING IT OFF AT LAST

talk MacDonald's language—the language of peace. Now the *Bloc des Gauches* are in control. In plain

Anglo-Saxon: the "Lefts" have won. But do not fret. "Lefts" in France are not of a particularly brilliant red. The Radical Socialists under Herriot, and the Independent Socialists under Briand, are much like our own Progressives—only more so! Neither of these "Left" leaders have felt any great surge of rage at the entry of the Ruhr. They go so far with Poincare. But both are against the bulldog policy, which holds on to that region until every German "crime" has been washed out. They will receive the support of the Socialists under the able Leon Blum. Only support—not joint membership in the Cabinet. The Socialists will join no Cabinet, until they have complete control. That is the keystone of their program. Some day it may be changed, as was their method of campaigning in the last election.

With Poincare, into the shades, have gone Imperialism and Militarism. Let us hope it is more than a temporary eclipse. Progress has a fearful and wondrous way at times. It is now exerting itself toward more deadly weapons of warfare. An Italian writer has said that our barbarian ancestors were naught but pikers. So were our Generals and Generalissimos in the last war. They did not understand the real way to slaughter men. Chemicals are the cannons of the future. They have the great virtue that they can be "forged" in the same factories where our shirts are dyed and our medicines are made. They have the added strong point of being guaranteed to wipe out human life in double-quick order. Anything that pushes forward the time when this fire and brimstone can be used, is welcome. Even though the step seems a small one.

The 11th of May—the day of the French elections—saw such a step. Were there no other signs, the rage of our Wall Street papers is sign enough. "Black Sunday" is the name they gave to French election day. For the French ruling class, Yes. For the French workers, No.

HOUSES FOR ALL

SUICIDE may be a quick and certain method to get out of this weary world. It is scarcely a hopeful or helpful one.

Suicide is precisely the suggestion made for the common people of Great Britain by the leaders of the Tory Party. The leaders of Labor have done nothing, these gentlemen aver. Then they hasten to do everything possible to make that charge good. Their own program of relief for the people is just that, Nothing.

"Block everything that Labor proposes," is the Tory slogan. Happily, it does not work. The Liberals, afraid of their own fate, cling unto death to their Labor brethren. The Asquith-Lloyd George party is like a shrewish wife—hating her husband, and yet not daring to leave him.

Australian Worker

THROUGH THE DOME

Celebrating Striking Labor Victories on the Island-Continent

All the blocking of the Tories and all the hesitations of the Liberals do not halt Labor in its immediate program. MacDonald is careful to let only the main points in that program serve as a test of the Government's strength. The other day Nationalization of the coal mines was defeated, by a vote of 264 to 168. The Labor Party is for Nationalization. It is one of the chief planks in the Labor platform. The Miners introduced the bill, and the Government was for it. Yet, they did not introduce it as a Government bill, because the last election had given "no mandate for Nationalization." Until the British people demand Nationalization by electing a majority of Labor men to Parliament, Labor will not make it an issue on which it will rise or fall.

Housing is another matter. More houses are needed right here and now. The Government of the workers leads the way in the darkness of "how to do it," when the Tories and the Liberals stumble. John Wheatley of Scotland, one of the group of radicals, has shown that the Scottish members cannot merely criticize but also construct. As Minister of Health he has brought forth a program that means "houses for all."

Two million five hundred new homes in five years! That is the goal. To the poor British common people, living in frightful hovels of congestion, the news will come like a breath from Heaven. Not only that. Unemployment will also be hit a hard blow. So many building tradesmen will be required, under

(*Continued on next page*)

With Our Readers

(The interest aroused by the subjects discussed in recent issues of LABOR AGE has flooded this office with letters from our readers. It is impossible to publish all of them, but from now on we will devote at least one page to the most interesting of this correspondence.)

LA FOLLETTE FOR PRESIDENT

A WRITER in your April number thinks we should keep La Follette in the Senate and be satisfied with such a man as Coolidge or McAdoo for president. I would there were a hundred La Follettes, and that we could elect them to the highest offices in our land. Then indeed, could we show the world what efficient and honest public service is like. But in all the world there is but one La Follette. It seems to me that the people of the United States, the people who make their living honestly, should use every honorable means to give him the highest office in their land.

He has served us long in the Senate and done valiant work. And yet his hands were to a large degree tied. He was but one; the Big Moneyed forces allied against him were many.

La Follette's efforts and those of his few co-workers were futile to stem the tide of the war hysteria, once the war fans had turned loose their flood of falsehood. But had La Follette been president! How can the writer of the "Save La Follette" letter believe that La Follette's greatest work can be done in the Senate, and with a president as devoted to the Big Interests as Coolidge has proved himself to be at every opportunity?

I note that many Labor papers indorse La Follette's nomination, but doubt the possibility of his election. It seems to me that there is some encouragement in the table in the *Congressional Record* of February 20th. This table gives the number of voters in the United States as a little over 54,000,000. Less than half of them voted in the election of 1920. Over 27,000,000 voters failed to vote! Surely, only a minority of these failed to vote from apathy or unintelligence. The majority had come to understand that Big Interests select the candidates for both the Republican and Democratic tickets, and that for the rank and file of the people it is "Heads I win, tails you lose." To be sure, there was Eugene Debs; at that time, to his honor, a prisoner in Atlanta. But the policy of isolation from the Labor movement, as carried out by the Socialist party, seemed to shackle progress.

But the people have found out many things in the past four years. The Capitalist press has been telling things out of school. Senator David Reed tried to give a warning to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, but the warning was tardy. Too many people have found out too much for the political ambitions of Coolidge and his kind.

I believe La Follette carried Wisconsin by 250,000 majority in spite of the fact that all but three papers in the state were against him. I think it the biggest event of the times. If Labor but will, it can make it the beginning of the end of the "Brass Check" press. That can mean nothing less than honest officials and honest government.

MRS. J. C. COONS.

Thonotosassa, Fla.

(*Continued from page 27*)

the plan, that more new apprentices will have to be trained, to meet the demand.

The Government will finance the whole thing. Approved houses are to be subsidized to the extent of 9 pounds sterling per year by the National Government, and a little over 4 pounds sterling by the local authorities. The subsidy will go on for 40 years. Beginning at 90,000 houses per year, it is planned to increase the number each year, until in 1934 as many as 225,000 will be erected.

The Tories are up in arms. Anger does not express their feelings. They shout aloud about the huge cost to the "honest business men" of the Empire. "Dishonest" is the term used by the LONDON DAILY HERALD in expressing their view. In 45 years the nation will pay 900 million pounds for the new housing. "Colossal! But it amounts to a little more than 16 millions a year; one-half per cent of the national income."

Australian Worker

THE GRAVEYARD OF TORY HOPES

Upon this housing measure the Government will stand or fall. It has made it a test measure. By August it is planned to be passed or rejected. By August it will be known whether the "honest business men" or the slum dwellers of the big cities are at the helm of the Government.

BOOK NOTES

Edited by PRINCE HOPKINS

THE STORY OF AMERICAN LABOR

TWO books that will be read with interest by American trade unionists are the HISTORY OF TRADE UNIONISM IN THE UNITED STATES, by Selig Perlman, and AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LABOR PROBLEMS, by Gordon S. Watkins.

The former was published last year by the Macmillan Company, and the latter has just appeared from the press of the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Neither can receive the full endorsement of American Labor, but both are valuable reference books for the shelves of our libraries. Perlman's work, as its name suggests, deals with American Labor Unionism in historical form. It has the advantage of being written in short sentences and simple style. It is not long, and within a few pages reviews the ups and downs of the workers' movement in this country, and discusses some of the pros and cons of labor policy.

Dr. Watkins, on the other hand, deals with the problems which arise out of the exploitation of one group by another, in the desire for gain. His chapters on "The Standard of Living," "Unemployment," "Labor Turnover" and other like subjects are bristling with facts of value to the trade unionist. His chapter on wages, also full of information, is not so helpful, practically because rather indefinite in its conclusions. Active labor men will be particularly interested in the chapters on "Personnel Administration" and "Profit-Sharing," because of the glimpse they give of these matters of ever-increasing interest.

A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER

H. G. WELLS has told **"The Story of a Great Schoolmaster,"** (Macmillan, 1924, $1.50), with all that literary power of which he is an adept. It is his first venture into biography, and was prompted by his admiration for F. W. Sanderson, headmaster of Oundle School, who made over a conservative and intellectually dead institution into a vital force.

"A community of co-workers and no competition—that was its idea. It is all based on the system of apprentices and co-workers. The apprentices helped the masters in every way they could; even the masters were grouped together for mutual assistance and were called assistants. The company was a mystery or guild of craftsmen and dealers, and their aim was to produce good craftsmen and good dealers."

But the headmaster of Oundle died of a heart stroke, after a lecture at which Wells had acted as chairman. As Wells "gesticulated for a cab," an earnest looking man asked him: "Does not this sudden event give you new views of immortality, new lights upon spiritual realities?" "None whatever!" said Wells and got into his taxi.

The school chose a visionless successor to Sanderson and has subsided rapidly back into conventionality.

SPIRITUAL IDEALS AND IDEALISTS

FELIX ADLER, founder of the Society for Ethical Culture, has written a book on **"The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal,"** (Appleton, 1924, $1.50), in which he makes application of ethical standards to certain contemporary problems. He defends the existing marriage institution.

He argues that the economic order must be so altered as to permit the development of personality. But he notes that "By leading the masses into the class war, hatred is fostered inevitably, even though the war be directed ostensibly against individuals; and by fixing attention on material wealth as the object to be gained by the working class, with the provisional exclusion of the higher gains, the mind of the masses will be more and more steeped in materialism." He is sceptical of the adequacy of the League of Nations to do more than put down the opium and white-slave traffic, etc., and "to transform national conceit into something better." He wishes our schools to teach not only what are the national virtues but also our national errors and crimes. Though the book is interesting, it will scarcely prove of value to trade union libraries.

From this theoretical book of spiritual ideals, we can turn logically to a volume on a spiritual idealist, Francis of Assisi. Labor men as a rule, rightly feel that there is little of value to present day problems in the lives of the numerous saints. Francis was one exception, however. His attack upon the institution of property—against the idea of owning things—has earned him many modern biographies.

The latest of these is D. H. S. Nicholson's **"The Mysticism of St. Francis of Assisi,"** (Small, Maynard and Co., $3.50. With etchings by Laurnzo Laurenzi.) For the average worker the chief lesson contained will be on how the "Church succeeded in so distorting "the saint's anti-ownership idea "as to rob it of its chief purpose," and "tried to capture the new religious enthusiasm evoked by Francis and to fasten it within the closest of traditional asceticism." Readers interested in mysticism will find this book a valuable addition to their libraries.

Something of the "why" for all these things comes in for examination in a conservative but up-to-date book under the title, **"An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion,"** (Cambridge University Press, 1923). It is, in fact, the best brief book yet published on this theme. The work covers the field with considerable thoroughness, the author showing an extensive acquaintance with both religion and modern psychology. Not the least of its striking features is the real fairness with which opposing views are treated, a rare gift indeed.

Nearly all of the books we get from Russia are written as propaganda for one side or the other. Most of us would have liked to go there for ourselves, live among the people, and see what existence under the communist regime before the new economic policy was introduced, was really like. The next best thing is to read a novel about that life "in a small town in the foothills of the Urals, in the Spring of 1921," such as Iury Libedinsky's **"A Week,"** (B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1923). It impresses me as an unbiased, true-to-life picture. The characters are strongly drawn, it is beautifully written and very interesting.

A QUESTION

Can You Answer It?

"WHAT IS INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY?"

READERS of LABOR AGE *are interested in that question. The profit-sharing employers give one answer. The radicals another. The A. F. of L. another. The term seems a good one, but a trifle hazy.*

What is your answer? To the reader providing the best statement, regardless of its contents, we will give a copy of Glenn Plumb's "Industrial Democracy" and Dr. J. P. Warbasse's "Co-operative Democracy." Results will be announced in the August issue. The statement submitted should not exceed 500 words in length. Give us a lift! We need light on this subject.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF OHIO

Authorized Stock

$10,000,000 7% Cumulative Preferred

Par Value $100.00 **100,000 no par value Common**

"TO FOSTER, PROMOTE AND DEVELOP THE WELFARE OF THE WAGE EARNERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA"

Is the underlying principle, the base, the fundamental upon which the corporate activities of this Company is grounded.

CONCEIVED BY MEN OF NATIONAL REPUTATION

AN OPPORTUNITY to benefit materially yourselves, your families and your fellow producers, to invest profitably and safely. Your money is reinvested in financial, production and merchandizing activities, the results of which eventually can be made to benefit all wage earners.

STOCK

Stock first offered to Railroad Brotherhoods and other Labor Organizations, their officers and members. Sold in units of $500.00 per unit, or one-half unit ($250.00). Unit comprises Four shares 7% Cumulative Preferred, and Two shares no par value Common Stock. Partial payment plan may be arranged if desired.

Advocate Quick Action.

Legal proceedings and issue of stock under supervision of Judge Hugh L. Nichols, former Chief Justice Supreme Court of Ohio, and the law firm of Nichols, Morrill, Stewart & Ginter, Cincinnati.

SOUNDNESS

President, Edward H. FitzGerald, (Grand President of B. of R. C.)

Directors: Internatonal Labor Union heads, operating in conjunction with experienced bankers, business executives and corporation attorneys.

The organizers of this Company are engaged in a sincere and determined effort to conserve the financial interests of the wage earners. In both their plans and operations they intend to follow the lines which have produced other successful financial and industrial activities administered by the Brotherhoods and other Labor Organizations. They intend to improve upon and add to the lines already followed, to the end that labor may have its share in the financial and industrial life of the Country.

Address by mail, or wire, or 'phone

THE RAILROAD BROTHERHOODS' INVESTMENT COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO